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No Rebates by Contract

In the decision of the United States Supreme Court, rendered last week, in the case of the Armour Packing Company vs. the United States, several important questions regarding inter-State commerce are definitely settled. The packing company had made a contract with the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company for the shipment of certain products from points on the Mississippi River to New York at twenty-three cents per hundred pounds, which was the legal rate at the time. The contract was to cover a period of over seven months. Less than two months later the railway company filed, published, and posted in accordance with the law a rate more than half again as high. The packing company continued to ship its products at the lower rate, but did so by means of through bills of lading to foreign ports. Proceedings against the packing company were instituted in Missouri, and resulted in conviction. In the Supreme Court the judgment of the Circuit Court was affirmed. This decision settles cases against three other packing companies and the railway. The packing company presented five main arguments: one of these, as to the form of the indictment, raised a question of legal procedure and did not affect any question of inter-State commerce, as do the other four. In contradiction of the contentions of the company, the Court decided, in the first place, that the transportation of the goods at a discriminatory rate constituted a violation of the law altogether apart from any question of fraudulent intent; in the second place, that the offense consisted not merely in consigning and accepting the goods for shipment, but in the transportation at the rate acknowledged, that therefore the offense was continuous from the river to the sea, and that proceedings might lawfully be brought in any district traversed by the route; in the third place, that the billing of the goods to a foreign port did not prevent the case from coming within the operation of the law; and, in the fourth place, that the existence of the contract made before the raising of the rates did not relieve the packing company or the railway from the obligation to observe the higher rates after they were legally established. Of all these points the last is the most important. It makes it impossible hereafter for any shipper to gain an advantage over competitors by making a contract with a railway company just before the establishment of higher rates. It was argued that the decision impaired a contract; but the Court replied that the law against discrimination in rates, being already in force, "is read into the contract and becomes a part of it." No one can make a valid contract to violate the law. It was furthermore contended (and this is the burden of Justice Brewer's dissenting opinion) that the shipper is thus at the mercy of the transportation company, which can raise rates even after a contract for a specified time has been made, and thus subject the shipper to unanticipated expense. The Court answers that whatever injustice is involved in this is remediable not by the courts, but by Congress. A remedy, urged by many, would be secured by the passage of a law requiring the approval of the Inter-State Commerce Commission before any advance or reduction in rates could go into effect. Under such circumstances it would be possible for the Commission to rule that the existence of such a contract for one shipper as that involved in this case was evidence that the rates named in the contract were reasonable for all shippers for the term of the contract, and therefore should not be raised. Whatever the remedy for possible injustice or uncertainty, the decision renders nugatory a device which might have seriously impaired the law against rebates and discriminations.

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Financial and Physical Bankruptcy

The Metropolitan Street Railway System, which includes all the surface lines in Manhattan and the Bronx, is financially and physically bankrupt; its stocks are worthless and its bonds badly shrunken in value; the physical condition of its lines is one of practical ruin; it would require the expenditure of twenty-five millions of dollars to put the lines in condition as good as new, while only four times as much, or a little over one hundred millions, would be required to replace the system entire. The statements which we have here summarized were made in an address to the City Club in New York last week by Mr. William M. Ivins. In making these statements Mr. Ivins speaks by the book, for he has been and is special counsel for the Public Service Commission in its investigation of the transit lines of New York City. In addition he has taken most of his figures from official papers of the receivers of the New York City Railway Company, the operating company of most of the Metropolitan lines. In a petition to the State Board of Tax Commissioners seeking to have the special franchise taxes on the New York City Railway reduced, the receivers stated that since 1902 "the property, as a whole, has never been a paying one, and each year the company has faced and paid an increasing deficit;" they reported that under the receivership payments for interest and guaranteed rentals had been defaulted to the amount of nearly seven and a half million dollars; and they estimated for the year 1908 that, after paying operating expenses and taxes and making a by no means excessive provision for depreciation of plant, the balance applicable to interest and rentals would be a little over one and one-half million dollars, while the fixed charges which this balance ought to cover are in excess of twelve million dollars. So much for the financial bankruptcy of the system. The physical ruin of the lines has long been apparent to any observer of moderate keenness who has had occasion to use the surface lines in Manhattan and the Bronx. The results of such observation have received ample confirmation in the partial examination of the physical condition of the plant by the engineers of the Public Service Commission, and in the statement of the receivers that "the condition of the entire operating property, except the power-houses, when we took hold, was deplorable. For a long time the operating company had confined its repairs to such temporary and makeshift work as would merely patch up worn-out parts, without any comprehensive and thorough reconstruction." So financial bankrupting and physical wrecking have gone hand in hand, each reacting to help along the other, and both inflicting cruel injustice on two sections of the public—on the one hand the investing public, on the other the traveling public.

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Deliberately Wrecked

How has this twofold condition been brought about? A system which, on an expert estimate, could be replaced for one hundred and six million dollars, and which earns only one and a half million dollars a year, has been made the basis for the issuance of two hundred and forty million dollars' worth of securities. For years the interest and dividends on this mass of bonds and stocks have been paid, not out of earnings, for, practically speaking, there were none, but out of the capital itself. The physical system has been deliberately and systematically wrecked to provide returns not only on the money invested by the stockholders but on the water injected by the financial managers of the properties. The greed and rapacity of a small group of men has robbed stockholders and bondholders and has defrauded the public of the adequate transportation facilities to which it has a right in return for the franchises which it has granted. The story which we have here briefly told is only one of many illustrations of corporate conditions which have made the people of the country insistent on some form of rigorous government control of public utilities. It may not be expedient for the people, through their agents in the government, to undertake themselves the operation of public service systems, though it is doubtful if even the most corrupt and inefficient municipal government could make a worse failure of a rapid transit business than the managers of the Metropolitan system have done. But it is not only expedient but imperative that the people who make public service systems possible by granting the franchises and providing the patronage should control the conditions under which the franchise privileges shall be enjoyed.

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A Beautiful Sea Spectacle

One of the profitable results of the Pacific cruise of our great battle-ship fleet has been to make Americans acquainted more closely with naval methods, with the drill and discipline of ships at sea, and with the picturesque as well as the useful aspects of our great navy. Worthy of special praise as bringing out graphically and vividly these things have been the letters contributed to the New York Sun by a correspondent who has accompanied the fleet on the battle-ship Connecticut. In one of these letters we find an account of an incident of quite an unusual and perhaps unique character to which little attention has been given elsewhere. It will be remembered that it was found impossible for our fleet to make a stop at an Argentine port. Instead of taking this as a slight, the Argentine Government, fully recognizing the friendship of the United States and perfectly understanding the reasons which led to this determination, sent a squadron of the Argentine navy hundreds of miles from its coast to greet our ships. The correspondent points out that this may have been the first time in the history of the world that national salutes were fired upon the high seas. The demonstrations went beyond the cut-and-dried etiquette of naval practice, so that one of our officers of high rank remarked, "I never saw sentiment carried so far in all my naval experience." To the landsman it seems a feat in itself that the Argentine squadron could so readily find the exact whereabouts of the American fleet. This was made possible largely by the use of wireless telegraphy. Although the weather was thick, the sea high, and the fog dense, the Argentine ships "picked up," by the wireless apparatus, the whereabouts of a single supply boat which was lagging behind, obtained from that boat the longitude and latitude of the main body of the fleet, and Admiral Oliva was soon in wireless communication with Admiral Evans. An exchange of official congratulations and courtesies ensued, and soon there followed the actual meeting of the naval representatives of two great republics. The Sun's correspondent gives such a fine report of this that we take the liberty of quoting it verbatim:

> The sun burst out from the clouds half an hour before sunset and the navigators got satisfactory observations, and it was possible to send back our exact position. The Argentines had been groping around for us up to that time, and the best they could do was to find the Culgoa and the Yankton. The long twilight of the high latitude in midsummer followed, but just after eight o'clock the Connecticut sent a signal to the fleet and immediately shot its after searchlight high in the heavens. It caught the clouds miles and miles back, a brilliant beam. Then came another signal to the fleet, and instantly the after searchlights of all sixteen ships were combined in a monstrous shaft of light that cleft a path gleaming with the brilliance of a comet's tail through the lowering clouds. It vibrated and pulsated with the glow of an aurora borealis, and every quiver and dart seemed to say to the Argentines:
>
> "Here we are! Here we are! Follow this and you'll find us. We're only going ten knots an hour. You'll soon catch up. Hurry along; we'll be glad to see you!"
>
> For twenty minutes that extract of the sun bored into the clouds behind, showing the way. It was a veritable pillar of fire by night. The combined smoke of all the smoke-pipes of the fleet would have made a pretty good pillar of cloud by day had it been clear, but it was too late for that now. Shortly before nine o'clock, well astern, the faint light of a ship could be made out with the naked eye. The quartermaster on the bridge said there were four lights. Word was sent to the captain—the usual rule when any vessel is sighted—and the news spread about, and soon dozens of men were straining their eyes to see the four lights. By a little after ten o'clock all had become so plain that it was said the ships were within five miles. They came a little nearer and

then slowed down for the night, keeping the same speed as our ships.

This was on Sunday, January 26, and on the following day the Argentine squadron and the American fleet exchanged formal greetings through the roar of guns, the manning of the rails, and the playing by the bands of each country of the national air of the other. The Argentine ships were so complimentary as to make their salute seventeen guns, which was more than the rank of our commanding officer called for, but certainly not more than his deserts; and the enthusiastic excess of the salute was taken by Admiral Evans's officers and by the correspondent whose report we are summarizing as a not unwelcome hint that he is deserving of even a higher rank than that he now holds. It is pleasant to record that the Argentine squadron showed in all their maneuvers and conduct the most seamanlike capacity and ability in speed and skill, so that the Americans exclaimed, "That's a real navy, even if it is small!" In every way, adds the Sun's correspondent, the incident warmed the hearts of those on the fleet, and the cheers for the Argentine Republic and navy were genuine expressions of good will. Another welcome indication that the Pacific voyage has tended to international amity is found in the cordial extension of an invitation by the Government of Japan that the American fleet should visit a Japanese port on its way home. This invitation has been accepted as heartily as it was given, to the confusion of the wiseacres who not long ago declared war between Japan and the United States inevitable!

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Turmoil in Hayti

An abortive revolution, the massacre of twenty-seven prisoners by the Government, the refusal of foreign consulates to give up refugees who had sought their protection—all this produced something very like a reign of terror in Port-au-Prince, the capital of Hayti, early last week. International complications were seriously threatened; and on the one hand was feared a massacre of foreigners by the natives; on the other, that, for their own dignity and the protection of their subjects, outside powers might be forced to demand the resignation of President Alexis and the forming of a provisional government. But when the British war-ship Indefatigable sailed into the harbor and fired three shots as an indication that she was ready to protect British interests, terms of peace were quickly reached—not an unimpressive lesson, this, to those who deny that as the world is to-day war-ships make for peace. The insurrection, which failed almost before it began, was headed by General Firmin, one of four rival and opposing Presidential candidates who would gladly unite for the moment to oust President Alexis. Making all allowances for military necessity, the country of Hayti, and indeed the world at large, was shocked at the summary execution of the twenty-seven conspirators or alleged conspirators, many of whom were men of standing in the community. In most cases they were dragged out of their beds and killed without any semblance of investigation or legal trial. The only refuge left to those who were in danger of like treatment was the consulates; and while there may be some reason in President Alexis's argument that foreign Governments should protect only their own citizens, and even some truth in his assertion that political conspiracy had been going on under the eaves of the consulates, so to speak, yet the majority of dispassionate students of the situation will rejoice that, as an outcome of the arrival of British and German ships and the knowledge that French and American ships would soon follow, President Alexis yielded his point and agreed that the refugees should be allowed to embark at certain ports and leave the country in safety. This was done at "the friendly request of the Powers," but the presence of the war-ships was undoubtedly the controlling element. Hayti has long been in a pitiful condition; its people are described by visitors as for the most part gentle and kind, although ignorant and superstitious. The allegations of some writers that cannibalism and horrible voodoo rites are practiced in the interior have never been fully substantiated. If the stories are true, they relate only to distant places and small sections of the population. But fierce political disputes of the violent personal kind common to many of our neighbors south of the United States have impoverished the country so that money is at a premium of over five hundred, the sanitary condition is unspeakably bad, there is hardly any education, and civilization seems at a standstill. A correspondent of the New York Herald puts the thing in a nutshell when he quotes a Haytian as saying that, until the revolutionary spirit can be uprooted from the soil, "no President of this Republic can be expected to spend in building a road the money he needs to save his own neck."

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Japan and China

Last week the Japanese Government carried its point in the controversy with China concerning the steamer Tatsu Maru. This boat sailed from Kobe with a cargo of arms and ammunition consigned to a merchant in Macao, the Portuguese port on the Chinese coast. The boat was boarded by the crews of four Chinese revenue cutters, the flag lowered, and the cargo seized. The Japanese showed that the event had taken place in Portuguese waters, demanded a restoration of the boat and of the cargo, the punishment of the Chinese officials who lowered the flag, and a salute to that flag when again raised. China offered to submit the case to arbitration, but the Japanese Government declined. The Chinese have now agreed to the terms, with the exception of a restoration of the cargo, for which full value is paid, together with a sum of money sufficient to atone for the steamer's demurrage. On its part, the Japanese Government agrees to adopt and enforce strict regulations to prevent traffic in arms and ammunition from Japan into China, but refuses to include the territory of Macao in this limitation. Turning to the north, the commercial aggressions of the Japanese in Manchuria have called forth considerable comment. The Chino-Japanese agreement of 1905 comprised, among other things, a transfer of the Liaotung lease and all other concessions in East Manchuria, railway and otherwise, from China to Japan, and protected Japan's railway interests there by providing against any railway paralleling by China. Nevertheless, China proposed constructing a road from China proper through Manchuria, ultimately coming as close to the north-and-south railway which Japan has now taken over from Russia as thirty miles in some parts, and thus practically paralleling it for a great distance. Though the Chinese enterprise was backed by British capital and influence, Japan's determined opposition has now triumphed, and the railway enterprise has been abandoned, at least for the present.

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The Liberal Leader

Indications seem to point to Mr. Asquith rather than to Mr. Morley as the British Prime Minister in the near future. It is evident that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's condition is serious enough to make it impossible for him to take up again, within a reasonable time, the burdens and responsibilities of office. The death of his wife was one of those blows which impair a man's vitality; and the exhaustion incident to a recent attack of the grip has not only made his recovery slow, but it is doubtful whether he will regain sufficient vitality again to assume the leadership of the British Government. Mr. Asquith is in the prime of life, and is a man of exceptional vigor of body and mind, with marked capacity for business. He is now on trial, and his future depends on the use he makes of the next few weeks. He is surrounded by difficulties of many sorts. English politics is in a transitional state; there are elements in the situation with which it is impossible to reckon accurately; sharp lines are becoming hazy; the Laborites have, for the first time, become a factor in English politics with which it is uncertain to reckon at every step; while the Liberal party is proposing a series of measures which challenge the bitterest antagonism and the most passionate resistance. The conservatism of England, the inertia and prejudice within the Church, the brewers, the landlords and keepers of public houses of all kinds, are arrayed against the administration of which Mr. Asquith is the most active member. No Ministry for many years has presented a more courageous measure than the Licensing Bill, which Mr. Asquith indorsed with a speech of masterly clearness and vigor. This measure affects probably a thousand millions of dollars invested in liquor interests of all sorts, and probably touches the pockets of a million and a half of people, and if adopted will involve an immense shrinkage of one of the largest sources of public revenue. It is one of those measures which test to the utmost the courage, sincerity, and vigor of a government; and Mr. Asquith met the situation with a frankness, boldness, and resolution which made a deep impression on the House of Commons. He is a man well trained for his position. He was educated at the City of London School; at Balliol College, Oxford, long noted for its scholarly atmosphere and achievements, where he made his mark as a student; he studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and became a barrister in 1876. He entered public life in 1892 as Secretary of State for the Home Department, and since 1905 has been Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is a brilliant debater, quick at retort, always ready with information, and with great vigor and precision of speech. His most conspicuous lack in Parliament is lack of humor, though he is said to possess it in conversation. He has never been a popular man in the sense in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Mr. Balfour is popular, but he commands the respect of his party and of the House. There are speakers who please the House more; there is no one who holds its attention more closely.

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Our Debt to Germany There has been some talk in England of a prosecution of the London Times for its misleading statements about the letter of the German Emperor to Lord Tweedmouth; but it appears that there is no legal basis for such an action. It is a misfortune that a newspaper cannot be held responsible for that particular kind of mischief; there are times when it may inflict almost immeasurable injury upon two countries. One of the favorite devices of the sensational press to keep alive the interest of its readers, which depends from day to day on hysterical screaming, is the intermittent discovery of sinister designs on the part of other nations. For months past the New York Sun and other unpatriotic journals have been discovering plans of conquest on the part of our Government, and sinister designs to seize the Philippines on the part of the Japanese. From time to time during the last few years England has been agitated by the discovery of well-formulated schemes for the conquest of the country by the Germans. These are the result of brain-storms in editorial offices, and have gone far to destroy the influence of the press as an organ for the dissemination of facts. Many people have come to regard the news columns of most of the newspapers as so many chapters in a fictitious history of contemporary times; while they read the editorials, not to be instructed or to be guided, but to be entertained by guessing at the modicum of truth behind the perversions and misstatements. The tempest which swept over England died almost as soon as it was born, but it has left a very unpleasant feeling behind it; and the London Times, which, in spite of its great ability, has often been a bully and sometimes a coward, has succeeded in feeding with fresh fuel the dying animosity to Germany. A few years ago there was an anti-German party in this country who were boldly and energetically predicting that within five years Germany and the United States would lock horns in a tremendous struggle; that the German Emperor was masking the most sinister designs against our peace and prosperity; and that we should awake some morning to find an extension of the German Empire in South America. These nightmares have happily passed away; and the gentlemen who conducted that bloodless campaign against Germany are now engaged in conducting an equally bloodless campaign against the Japanese. They are very like the Colonel of Volunteers who had never drawn a sword except in a raffle! But while they are drawing phantom weapons and going about clanking phantom spurs, it is well for Americans and Englishmen to remember the immense service which Germany has rendered to modern civilization along educational lines, and to recognize the fact that she has become the most formidable competitor of both countries because she has had the intelligence to apply education and science to business. Her great gain in wealth, the immense enlargement of her commerce, and her commanding position to-day are the fruits of genius, training, and industry. We owe an immense debt to our natural resources; Germany owes comparatively little. What she has gained she has created by sheer force of intelligence. She has taught this country many things, and she has many things more to teach both Americans and Englishmen. Instead of grossly misrepresenting the policy of the German Emperor and nourishing unjust suspicions of the German Empire, our politicians, journalists, and naval men would do well to sit at the feet of Germany and complete their education.

Gambling in England

In this country public attention has been vigorously called to the subject of gambling by the bill introduced in New York State to prohibit betting at horse races, and the bill introduced into Congress to prevent gambling in stocks. In England also there is an agitation against this form of vicious excitement, and particularly against some unusual and rather odd forms which have lately been excessively prevalent. Every one who has read George Moore's realistic study, in his novel "Esther Waters," of the evils resulting in England from gambling, will understand how tremendous a force it is, and what waste of money among poor people is involved. Lately the craze for excitement has taken the curious form of entering into guessing contests. These contests nominally involve the exercise of some literary skill or astuteness in solving problems, but really are in the nature of a lottery. One form, entirely ridiculous in itself, which has really amounted to a national obsession, is the filling in of a blank line of a "limerick." Each contestant sends a sixpence with his answer, and how widespread the craze has become may be judged from the fact that sixpenny money orders, which nominally amount to less than a hundred thousand a month, rose to over five millions in a month. In a single contest of this kind, out of scores going on, there were two hundred thousand competitors at a shilling a head—double the usual price—and one paper alone paid out last year over twenty-five thousand dollars as prize money, with a tremendous profit to itself in increase of sales if not in cash. This gambling mania has taken many other forms besides that of the limerick competition, some of which have been imitated in this country. In a missing word competition it is alleged that one journal received in one week $480,000, and ran its circulation up to a million of copies. Other competitions relate to "hidden treasures," prizes given for "selected numbers on the tramway and omnibus tickets" which in England are invariably given to passengers (and this seems as close to a lottery as conceivable); the invention of a "mysterious millionaire," who was to hand out money to anybody who found him; "forecast of the weather," and a dozen other catchpenny devices. Another evil aimed at by the bill lately introduced into the House of Lords by the National Anti-Gambling League is the sale through advertising of tips on horse races, all of which it may be confidently stated are frauds pure and simple. The tipsters, in fact, seem to have extraordinary ill-luck in guessing at results, for Canon Horsley found, by elaborate study of the facts, that out of 4,223 horses named as winners, 3,199 were losers, and in another set of statistics, out of 898 tips, 777 were wrong. The income made by these swindling advertisements may be judged by the fact that one firm of tipsters in one month paid a single newspaper nearly six thousand dollars for advertising.

The Preservation of Forests in British Columbia

The demand for lumber in America has always been great, but now it is increasingly great. The demand is three times as large as the increase of supply.

It is increasing at a greater rate than the population increases. It has resulted in the destruction of much of our forest land for forest purposes, east of the Rockies. The lumberman's present paradise is the Puget Sound region. But it is hard to get any more holdings there. Hence buyers and speculators have crossed over into British Columbia. That province does not sell its public timber-land; it leases it. It is significant to learn that Americans hold the largest part of the leases now in force. But there is a wise government in British Columbia. It purposes, first of all, to preserve a great source of its natural wealth—the forest; and, second, to take further advantage of the diminishing timber supply on this side of the line. The provincial government has therefore placed no less than a hundred and fifty million acres of forest land in reserves. This includes all of the public lands except those already leased. The enormous acreage approaches to within fifteen million acres of all the land included in our own National forests. Not only will the province take care of its timber as regards proper permits for its use; it proposes to make the most it can out of the lumber trade itself. Hence it does not permit the export of logs cut on provincial land. They must be sawed by mills in the province. As the income of the province from leases amounted to nearly $1,300,000 last year, one may calculate the additional income which will now accrue from permits.

Humanity and Efficiency

The United States accommodates for the night at its immigration station at Ellis Island a greater average number of guests than are provided for by the Waldorf-Astoria and the Astor hotels combined. For their entertainment a new dining-room was formally opened last week. Its floors, walls, and ceiling are of white tile and bright enamel paint; every angle and corner is finished in a concave curve, so that there is no spot where a speck of dust may rest or a mischievous germ hide; the floor slopes to a half-dozen drainage outlets, so that the whole room may be made antiseptically clean by the periodic use of a hose and boiling water; many large windows provide an ample supply of light and air. Adjoining is a kitchen, with the most modern equipment and the most scrupulous sanitary arrangements. It is doubtful if the guests of any hotel in the country have their meals served under more satisfactory conditions of cleanliness, healthfulness, and good cheer. This long-needed improvement at Ellis Island follows another in the sleeping accommodations of this great Government inn. Long, dark dormitories, with their walls painted *black*, with scant provision for air and almost none for light, with insufficient toilet facilities, and with beds and blankets which it was almost impossible to keep clean, have been displaced by small, light, well-ventilated rooms, clean and cheerful, like the dining-room, in white tile and paint. There are abundant toilet facilities, a clean roller towel for each six users, beds whose canvas body and woolen blankets are washed after every user. Aliens of only one nationality are, in so far as possible, assigned to one room; each immigrant, during his stay at the island, is thus surrounded at least by his own countrymen, if not by his friends. These new sleeping and dining rooms furnish not only an admirable object-lesson in sanitary conditions of living and in the humane and sympathetic treatment of men and women in the mass, but an illustration of that efficient and enlightened administration which too many people are prone to believe conspicuous by its absence from the public service.

Some New Whistler Anecdotes

American interest in the personality of James McNeill Whistler is steadily growing as understanding and appreciation of his work as one of the great artists of modern times increases. So much of his life was spent in England and on the Continent of Europe and so much of his work was done there that we are only beginning in this country to assert a claim to a share in his fame on the ground that he was really an American artist. Whistler's father was an officer in the army of the United States, and Whistler himself was a cadet for a while at the Government academy at West Point, but after a very short trial of the arts of war he abandoned them for the art of the painter and etcher. His whimsical eccentricities of dress, manner, and personal intercourse, partly natural and partly a deliberately assumed pose, did much to create an early impression that he was a shallow dilettante, not to be taken seriously. But long before his death he had overcome this popular prejudice and achieved a world-wide reputation as one of the great etchers, not only among the moderns, but of all time. His reputation as a painter of the first class both in oils and in pastel has been slower in crystallizing. In an address last week in New York the distinguished American painter William M. Chase, who knew Whistler very well, told some entertaining stories about the Anglo-American etcher. "When he became thoroughly aware," said Mr. Chase, "that the people of London were not inclined to take him seriously, he decided that he would not take them seriously." It was in pursuance of this deliberate plan to overcome the social indifference or contempt of the English that Whistler indulged in the various retorts and violations of social and financial engagements that made him at one time the most talked of man in London. On one occasion when Whistler was engrossed in painting a portrait of Mr. Chase, the sitter reminded the artist that the latter had an engagement to dine with a titled lady of distinguished position in London society. "Dine!" retorted Whistler, contemptuously, "do you suppose I'm going to leave a beautiful thing like this just at the crucial moment to go and eat with a lot of stupid persons? I'll go later, and they'll be glad enough to see me when I arrive." On another occasion, when going out to dinner with Mr. Chase, he declined to put on the conventional white tie of evening dress on the ground that he would not spoil the artistic lines of a well-shaped linen collar by "sticking on a foolish little piece of flimsy lawn." When a lady once tried to curry favor with him by saying that an exquisite haze in a country landscape reminded her so much of some of Whistler's "little things," the artist replied gravely, "Yes, madam, nature is creeping up." One of his young women students who was somewhat affected and sentimental was once, in one of his classes, painting a landscape in what she believed to be the most approved impressionistic style. Whistler, on inspecting her work, asked her what she was doing. "Why," said the young woman, "I'm painting nature as I see it. Don't you think one ought to do that, Mr. Whistler?" "By all means," assented Whistler, "provided that one does not see nature as you paint it." Mr. Chase concluded by saying that it was deeply to be regretted that none of Whistler's masterpieces of painting was in this country. The beautiful portrait of his mother, which is now at the Luxembourg in Paris, and will ultimately find a permanent home in the Gallery of the Louvre, could at one time have been purchased very cheaply; and the famous "Woman in White," which is now valued at over one hundred thousand dollars, might have been obtained only a few years ago by the Metropolitan Museum of this city for a small sum.

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A Drama of Decoration

Of all forms of musical composition, that which is most decidedly alive to-day is the form loosely embraced in the term opera. Whether this is a sign of deterioration in musical art is a topic provocative of much discussion; but, whether we like it or not, it is in the music-drama that composers are to-day making their most hearty and distinctive contributions to the development of music. In spite of that fact, the management of the Metropolitan Opera-House has been very cautious in producing new operas. It took the management several years, for instance, to venture the production of "Haensel and Gretel." The management of the Manhattan Opera-House, on the other hand, has, this year at least, followed a different policy, and has had its courage rewarded. Of the operas produced at the Manhattan for the first time in New York, "Louise" has been the subject of comment in these columns.

Of the others, the most notable is unquestionably Claude Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande." Between two operas affected by the same influences and exhibiting much the same stage of development in the music-drama there could scarcely be a greater contrast. "Louise" is the poetic idealization of some of the grosser aspects of modern Paris; "Pelleas and Melisande" is the visualization of the pictorial fancies of an unreal world of vaulted halls and marble fountains, of mystic signs and dark forebodings. The framework on which "Pelleas and Melisande" is hung is a simple tale. The libretto is abridged from Maeterlinck's play. Golaud, grandson and heir of King Arkel, while hunting encounters a strange maiden, Melisande; though he knows nothing of her except her name, he marries her, and, with Arkel's consent, brings her home. There Melisande arouses a consuming love in Pelleas, Golaud's half-brother; and she, with the mind of a child and the heart of a woman, loves him in response. Golaud, primitive man that he is, indulgent and brutally jealous by turns, intimidates Melisande, and finally slays Pelleas. At the end Melisande, denying guilt, dies, leaving her child to her remorseful husband. This French Tristan and Isolde is embroidered with grottoes and dungeons, the sounds of the sea, and the prattle of the boy Yniold. The drama, nominally divided into five acts, is really a succession of fourteen (or, as given at the Manhattan, thirteen) scenes. The stage pictures are really pictures. They suggest a combination of Howard Pyle and Maxfield Parrish. In the intervals between the scenes (though not between the acts) the orchestra continues without interruption. The music is more atmospheric than beautiful or moving. Like all of Debussy's compositions, it takes leave of tonality, and wanders in a world of tone without keys. Familiar scales are forgotten, and ancient modes and scales of whole tones take their place. Gentle dissonance—sometimes ingratiating—melts into gentle dissonance. The music is adjectival, so to speak; it rarely comes firmly to a noun. The voices which sound clearly above the weaving strands of orchestral tones sing a melos, to use Wagner's word, which might be called the expressive modulations of speech translated into definite musical tones. One might say that in staging, in music, in costume, in acting, "Pelleas and Melisande" is a piece of moving decoration rising at the end into drama. To say that this work has the flavor of the antique might be to create a misconception. Nothing could be more modern in the sense of being a natural development out of the music-drama of the past. In many respects not Wagnerian, it seems to embody more logically than any of Wagner's own works the essential principles underlying Wagner's theories of the music-drama. Dissimilar as "Louise" and "Pelleas" are, they are both products of a natural evolution.

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Completing the Work of the Pan-American Conference

Last week there assembled in the Diplomatic Room of the State Department thirteen men whom Secretary Root has selected as "The Pan-American Committee of the United States of America." The list of members contains the names of men eminent in public life, in educational circles, and in our relations with the other American Republics. The work of this Committee is to carry out the suggestions of the Third Pan-American Conference. This was held in the summer of 1906 in Rio de Janeiro, the Brazilian capital. It produced four conventions or agreements and fourteen resolutions. The United States Senate has ratified three of the conventions. They thus become treaties. They have to do with international law in general, with naturalization, and with pecuniary claims; the unratified convention relates to patents, trademarks, literary and artistic property rights. Of the fourteen resolutions, two have already been disposed of by reference to the International Peace Conference at The Hague last summer, namely, those relating to arbitration and contractual debt. Those remaining for final consideration relate to reorganizing the International Bureau of American Republics, to carrying out the plans for a new building for that Bureau, to the creation of special divisions in the Departments of Foreign Affairs in the various American states, to the determining of the functions of these divisions, to the enlargement of the section in the Bureau of American Republics having to do with commerce, to the urging of ratification of a convention regulating the practice of the liberal professions (negotiated at the Second Pan-American Conference), to the encouragement of shipping facilities among all American ports, to the arrangements and time for holding the Fourth Pan-American Conference, to the development of international resources, to sanitation, to an intercontinental railway, to a conference on coffee culture, to an investigation of the causes of exchange fluctuations, and to the employment of the interim between the various Pan-American Conferences in strengthening American solidarity. To this end each country is to appoint a committee for the purpose of obtaining from it suggestions and aid concerning official action.

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Andover at Cambridge

What was inevitable has happened. Andover Theological Seminary has decided to leave Andover. What was not inevitable, but has long seemed to us wise, the Seminary has chosen for its new residence the neighborhood of Harvard University at Cambridge. For years the discussion of such a plan as this has waxed and waned. Strong sentimental objections have been cherished against this removal. For a century the Seminary has stood on the hill at Andover. In the minds of many of its alumni, its sturdy and at times stern adherence to its conscientious understanding of the truth has been almost visualized in the plain structures on the elm-covered height. In the minds of many of these, moreover, the proposal to move the Seminary to a great University seemed like a plan to murder an institutional personality by suffocation. As it was, and has been for several years, however, the Seminary seemed to be slowly dying of starvation. It cannot be asserted that the question has been hastily answered. Eight years ago The Outlook said that the Seminary must move to Boston or Cambridge, or else hand over its endowments to some other seminary and let its work continue in some other organization. The next year recorded twenty-five students, a loss of fifty per cent in five years. The objectors to the move had their way. Attempts to rehabilitate the Seminary failed. The catalogue at the end of six years more recorded a loss of another fifty per cent. Finally last year the Massachusetts Legislature created a separate Board of Trustees for the Seminary, as distinct from the Academy with which it had been connected. This newly created Board has taken the action which will establish the Seminary at Cambridge next fall. The terms of the foundation of the Seminary were drawn in so liberal a spirit that the Seminary can continue on the new site its existence, without change in charter, constitution, organization, or independent status. The arrangement that the Seminary has made with Harvard University is one that ought to be to the advantage of both institutions. The buildings of the Seminary will be erected "conveniently near the Harvard Divinity School." Under proper restrictions of approval by the respective faculties, and just requirements as to registration and fees, Andover students can receive credit for Harvard courses; and Harvard students for Andover courses. Professors in Andover Seminary whose courses are accepted for the Harvard degree of Bachelor of Divinity will, without stipend from Harvard, be known as Andover Professors in Harvard University. The two institutions agree "to avoid all rivalry, competition, and needless duplication of courses; and to combine the resources of instruction in both institutions in an economical, harmonious, and comprehensive scheme of theological education;" they "will endeavor to make and keep the standards of admission and graduation, scholarship aid, fees, and general charges equal in the two schools, as far as practicable;" and they agree that their officers and students "shall have the use and enjoyment on equal terms of libraries, museums, and similar privileges maintained or offered by either institution." Any arrangement under this plan is terminable by either institution on two years' notice. The relation, it is seen, will be intimate, and ought to make Cambridge one of the great centers for adequate preparation for the ministry.

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Death of Bishop Fowler Few men among those who have been raised to the honor of the bishopric in the Methodist Episcopal Church have been more active in church administration and more resourceful in plans for carrying on the work of the Church than Dr. Charles Henry Fowler, who died in New York last week at the age of seventy-one. Bishop Fowler was still on the active list of bishops, although for two years he had been too infirm to engage actively in work, and was to have been put on the retired list of bishops at the next General Conference. He was born in Canada, was of Scotch-Irish descent, and took high honors both at school and at college. He held successfully the pastorate of two or three Chicago churches of importance in the denomination, and in 1872 was elected President of the Northwestern University. This important post he held for four years, and then became the editor of the New York Christian Advocate, the largest and most important of the official Methodist papers. At intervals of four years each thereafter he was chosen General Missionary Secretary of the Church and Bishop. His success in organizing movements for evangelical work and for the official advancement of the Church was extraordinary. Nothing, however, redounds more positively to his credit than his accomplishment in extending missionary enterprise in far distant parts of the world. For this purpose he traveled extensively and with comparatively short intervals of rest during the twenty-four years of his bishopric. In China and Russia especially he initiated educational and religious work of the highest value, and in the same direction he did not a little for the less well-settled parts of his own country. Dr. Fowler was a vigorous speaker and writer, and his utterances on political matters sometimes were so uncompromising as to call out opposition. In the truest sense he was a power and a leader in the Methodist Church.

Currency Reform

The Aldrich Bill, framed to provide a system of so-called emergency currency for the country, has been somewhat radically amended by the Senate Committee on Finance, and will probably soon come before the Senate and the House to be voted upon. It will be remembered that Senator Aldrich's plan is to enable the National banks of the country to issue additional circulation in times of necessity based on other securities than Government bonds. These other securities, as originally proposed by Senator Aldrich, consisted of municipal, State, and railway bonds of certain classes defined by the bill. Railway bonds have now been elimited by amendment. Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, in a speech characterized by loose-thinking, extravagant rhetoric and appeals to personal and class prejudice, attacked the bill last week in the Senate on the ground that it would promote the concentration of financial power in the hands of a comparatively few men. He asserted that the Aldrich Bill is designed for the advantage and profit of the banks in contradistinction to the advantage and profit of the people at large. Several correspondents of The Outlook appear to have something of this feeling, and have protested that in urging the passage of the Aldrich Bill The Outlook has espoused the cause of special privilege represented by that measure as opposed to the cause of popular rights as represented in the Fowler Bill. In our judgment, both Senator La Follette and our correspondents are entirely wrong in their estimate of the purpose and effects of Senator Aldrich's measure. The Outlook believes that it is a step, although a short one, in the direction of a freer and more democratic currency system.

As has been stated in these columns over and over again, what is needed to-day is a safe method by which our National bank note circulation shall expand and contract with the variation of the volume of commercial transactions. The present bond-secured circulation has no such elasticity. It is undoubtedly true, as ex-Secretary Gage, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Fair-child, of Yale University, Congressman Fowler, and many other experts, whose opinions have appeared in The Outlook, have asserted, that the ideal bank currency ought to be based, not upon Government bonds alone, but upon other forms of tangible wealth. But it must be remembered that for forty years the people of the United States have found our present National bank note circulation absolutely safe. They have been taught both by precept and by practice that this absolute safety comes from the practical guarantee of the United States Government, which is behind every bank note, and that this guarantee can be obtained only from the Government in connection with United States bonds. To ask the people of the country suddenly, in two months' time, to transfer this bred-in-the-bone faith in a bond-secured currency to a currency secured by an entirely different form of collateral like that proposed by Mr. Fowler is to ask the impossible.

It is true that it is both scientific and practical to believe that a banking currency may be based safely on other forms of security than Government bonds. But it will not do simply to make this assertion to the people of the country. They must learn its truth by practical experience. The Aldrich measure will give them this experience to a certain degree without abandoning the Government bond idea. It will enable the people of the country in times of special financial need to obtain from the banks currency secured by municipal and State bonds. After trying this partial experiment for a year or two, and finding that it is safe and effective, the people of the country will, in the judgment of The Outlook, be more willing to adopt a currency system based on the tangible wealth of the country, after the manner of Scotland and Canada.

It is for the reason thus briefly stated that The Outlook believes the Fowler measure to be injudicious at this time and the Aldrich measure to represent practical progress towards real currency reform. We repeat here what we have continually urged for some months past—that, in connection with the passage of the Aldrich measure, a small commission of recognized experts ought to be created by Congress for the discussion of all questions connected with National currency and banking. The report of this Committee, two or three years hence. together with the record of the actual working of a National bank note circulation based on both Government bonds and other approved securities, would give the country the knowledge and confidence—which it does not possess to-day—to enable it to frame and adopt an ideal system.

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Art and Municipal Government

Mayor McClellan, in two recent notable public addresses, has called attention to a function of municipal government of which both the people and the politicians are too often ignorant; namely, the art function. In an admirable address delivered last month at the public meeting held in memory of the sculptor Saint-Gaudens, Mr. McClellan pleaded for a recognition of the importance of artistic ideals in a rightly developed democracy. "Saint-Gaudens taught us," said the Mayor, "that beauty in art, as in nature, is not a luxury, but a necessity for happiness. . . . The mission of art is not to minister to the selfish enjoyment of the few. It is broader and higher and nobler. Its function is to express the inner consciousness of the community, and is limited by neither time, nor age, nor place."

This thought of the æsthetic function of sound democratic government Mr. McClellan expressed still more fully in an address made a few weeks earlier at the City Hall, on an occasion of which New Yorkers knew too little at the time, but in which they ought to have taken great pride. The occasion was the presentation to the Mayor of a medal distinguishing him as the American layman who has rendered the greatest service in advancing the interests of architecture and civic improvement. The medal was conferred by an international society of architects of the first rank—the Société des Architectes Diplomés. The medal itself was struck in Paris, and is the first of its kind to be awarded to an American, although others have been previously presented to European laymen. The grounds for conferring this distinguished honor on the Mayor are, first, his creation of the City Improvement Commission, which is preparing a unified and homogeneous plan for the extension of city buildings, parks, and other administrative departments; second, his active interest in the Municipal Art Commission, which regulates and controls the designs of official buildings, public monuments, and similar constructions; third, his creation of the post of Consulting Architect to the City in such a way that this architect shall really represent the highest standards of the profession; and, fourth, his establishment of competitions by the most distinguished architects in the preparation of designs for all public buildings. A feature of the Mayor's establishment of the principle of public competitions is that the designs are to be passed upon by a jury selected by the architects and not by a political board.

It will thus be seen that Mayor McClellan's views of the part which art has to play in good municipal government are not the views of a mere theorist and scholar, but of one who has successfully practiced what he preaches. His address on the occasion of the presentation of the Architects' Medal, an occasion to which the French Ambassador lent the approval of his personal presence, deserves a wide reading, especially for the following passage:

> In a self-governing community the ultimate object of government is the happiness of the governed. The success of government depends upon the support it receives from the people. Government and people act and react upon each other, so that the measure of their mutual success is the loyalty of the governed, directly proportioned to the happiness conferred by government. There is no fixed receipt for happiness. But for people who breathe the pure air of the sea and of the plains and of the hills, who live in the God-given light of the sun, happiness and joyousness are inseparably connected, and joyousness cannot exist without beauty. . . . Our fellow-citizen sits him down to sleep the summer day upon a bench in City Hall Park. If he wakes facing the north, you know that he will slouch away a better man for having looked upon that little gem of the Colonial—our City Hall. But if he wakes facing the south and gazes upon the Post-Office, can you blame him if he goes away with homicide in his heart? Venice lived a thousand years. During her last two centuries of life she was only kept alive by the love and devotion of her children. Do you suppose that they would have felt for their mother as they did, had she been the architectural ancestress of Hoboken or Jersey City?
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> Something more is needed to make the happy city than health and wealth and wisdom. The citizen may feel a just satisfaction in the thought that in his city the death rate is low, the streets clean, and the water pure. He may be smugly complaisant in knowing that rents are high, food dear, and bankers and brewers rich. He may beat his breast with pride at the thought of the wisdom of his town, that all her people are clever, her schools excellent, and her newspapers omniscient. The city healthy, the city wealthy, and the city wise may excite all these emotions, but it is the city beautiful that compels and retains the love of her people. It is in the city beautiful that civic spirit is at its best.

There could hardly be a better statement than this of the function of art in a democracy, and Mayor McClellan deserves the thanks not only of New York but of the country for the effective words he has spoken and the effective works he has performed in behalf of the truth that good government is that government which protects not merely property and the life of the body, but which also promotes and defends the life of the spirit.

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Thoughts for Lent

To face one's self and know what is in one's nature is to become aware of one's weakness. The Christ in the desert was not a dramatic figure going through certain experiences that were to have a deep symbolic meaning for others; he was not playing a part for high moral ends, as some would have us believe, whenever suffering came his way. It is not the image of a man dealing with pictorial temptations that we see when the curtain is raised on this wonderful episode in the "human life of God;" it is a real man fighting a real battle with real temptations. We forget that the story of this extraordinary experience must have come from him. There were no spectators; in the loneliness and desolation, a man fashioned as other men, and sharing their nature in its entirety, made the same fight that comes to all men who arrive at moral consciousness.

In that critical hour the Christ knew himself and came to the knowledge of his humanity. The deep peace of childhood, born of innocence and unbroken by the tumult of the awakening senses, had passed with the years which it made beautiful. The dreams of youth, touched with we know not what beauty of heavenly visions rising out of the depths of a pure nature, had gone the way of dreams when the morning breaks. Day had come, and the solitary man, driven into the desert by the sense of marvelous experiences awaiting him, saw himself. He knew his mortality, and out of that knowledge came his first temptation. The long fasting was followed by a great hunger, and he became aware, as every man does, of his weakness. The common needs were his; the needs which press upon all who are born men; the needs which wring men's hearts and try their souls and test their wills as by fire. It is hunger which drives men into the arms of the tempter, and makes the drama in the desert so often a heartbreaking tragedy.

There is the hunger of the body which makes men insane and, if too long denied, sends them to death; the hunger which makes men base, dishonest, impure. And there is also the hunger of the spirit; the crying out of the nature for power, wealth, rank, fame; that passion of desire for which men sell themselves in a vain hope of satisfying the craving that consumes them. The first fact that stands out in a man's consciousness when he faces himself is his mortality and the weaknesses that inhere in it. And the inevitable temptation that waits on that experience, as it waited on the Christ coming to knowledge of himself, is as real, as momentous, as decisive as it is sudden. In that lonely hour when a man makes acquaintance with himself the tempter is always at hand. "Why hunger," he says, "when there is bread for the asking? Take, eat, and be filled, for they that hunger have a right to be fed."

For the man who says, "The world owes me a living," there are a thousand who cry out that because they are hungry they have a right to be fed; that to feel a great need is to be justified in satisfying it. This is the temptation that waits under a thousand guises upon the awakening out of childhood and youth to a consciousness of the powers and passions and needs of manhood and womanhood; at the gate of dawning life stands the tempter whispering, in answer to the passionate craving of the body or the mind, "Command that these stones be made bread." In an immortal phrase Christ gave one of those great answers that penetrate to the very heart of life and throw light on its deepest experiences: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." To use power for selfish purposes, to put a low in place of a high thing, to feed the sense and starve the soul, to change the bread of life into the food of death—that is the temptation which meets every man on the threshold of his career.

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The Spectator

In the Irish epic of Cuchulain there is this description of Emer: "When she walked, it was with a step that was stately and even like the walk of a queen." After witnessing a New Orleans Carnival the Spectator found himself marveling at the persistence of the dream of king and queenship that finds its place in every soil. The ballad writers drop in our ear the refrain, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" The lovers of mediævalism lament the beauty and quaint pageantry that they deem perished from the earth, but neither count the value of the descendants of the old-time snows or pageants.

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As the Spectator sat on one of the club balconies Mardi Gras night, he was bewildered by the sense of the relationship—ancient and modern. Behind him rose a solid tier of women in ball gowns, the waving of fluffy feathers, the glitter of jewels. Down the roped-off central space in the street was the kaleidoscopic crowd, ebbing and flowing, or eddying around some strikingly costumed "street masquer." A baby dressed in a pink-and-green domino and peaked cap had dropped off to sleep in his mother's arms. He was not yet bound by the fear of missing something. Next to the mother, whose high cheek-bones and far-apart eyes belonged to a certain type from the French Quarter, stood an old darky "praline woman," her head wrapped in an imposing bandanna turban, capped with a black sailor hat. Behind them a long string of young men with arms on each other's shoulders were doing the serpentine through the crowd. In and out, under foot, under ropes, under the clutching fingers of policemen, dodged the omnipresent small boy of all crowds, prospecting for the first glimpse of the parade. A glare of red fire, a platoon of torches, a brass band, and the float bearing Comus lumbered past, a towering structure splendid with ingenuity and gilt.

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Comus pledged the crowd on the balcony in his wine-cup; his followers flung strings of beads and trinkets. The old game of incognito, which has been played with the greatest zest by all peoples and ages, was in progress. Was that masquer on the float dancing a special step dance for the pink-satined débutante at front of the balcony? Did he aim at her when he threw the small box? His pantomime invitation to dance at the Opera-House was unmistakable. Who was it that was thus singling her out for favors? In the olden times it was the men who wore the ladies' favors in their helmets while they rode at each other with their lances in rest. In a little while these two would be dancing at the French Opera-House, with a background of brilliant stage scenery, and he would be giving her his bracelets and chains of brass sequins and his spangled mantle, and perhaps a special present of a real jewel. Was he in love with her? That did not follow, but the spirit of romance was hovering over their heads, no more broken-winged than in the days of Arthur and Launcelot. But the difference was that this was a sham? Oh, no. Some in the crowd at tournaments half closed their eyes and said, "What may all this be about?" and answered, "Hollow, hollow all delight!"

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What if a certain mask did conceal the gray mustache of a prominent banker, who would presently call out his substantially proportioned wife for the first dance, and for the second his eldest daughter, who was not certain of an equal degree of consideration from the younger men? What if another mask did conceal the vapid face of a "dancing Tad"? There was some spirit which lay behind them both—a strong spirit to draw them into all this trouble and expense. Expense! There was the change. Time has substituted another commercial value than the expense of life-blood. Next float! The title—"Gods and Goddesses." Then a bewildering succession of pagan deities—Flora poised among giant morning-glories, with butterflies waving before her a homage of sparkling wings; Osiris enthroned among Egyptian symbols—a dream of a moment, an ephemeral display—a tradition preserved.

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The next step in the pageant is when the floats lumber into Frenchtown, their colored fire illuminating the lacy iron-work balconies thronged with people. The tired performers disembark by gang-plank, the crowd sees them into the French Opera-House and disperses. From then on it is a society event.

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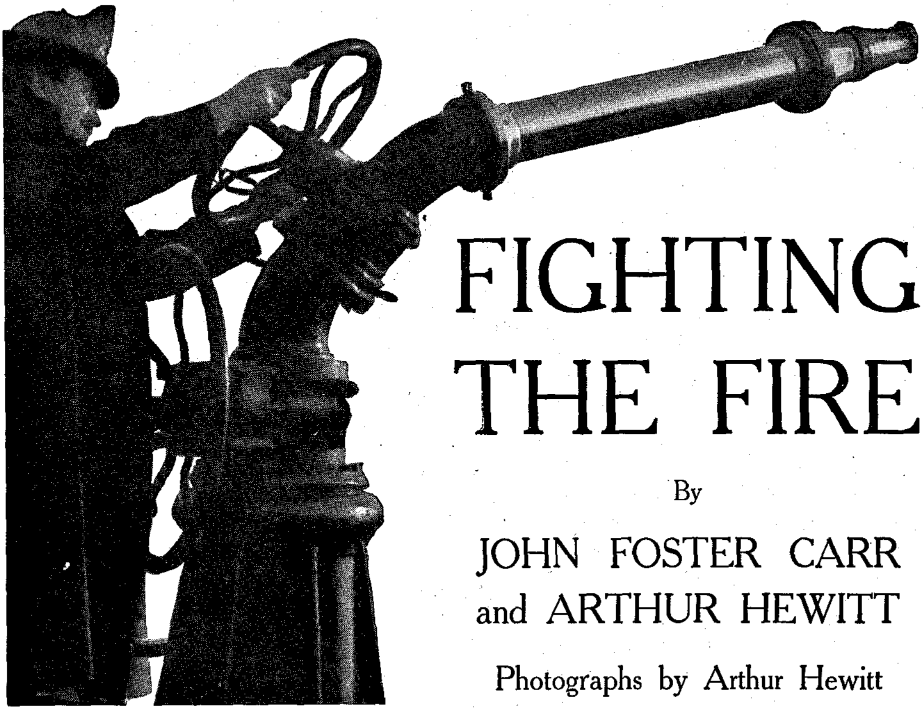
The Queen, surrounded by maids, appears in her box. Some one behind the Spectator said, "Why are they all willing to make monkeys of themselves?" To a certain extent there is justice in that question, but is not the love of outward, visible sign of strength, power, beauty, one which is ingrained in our natures? What if she is only a popular débutante, elevated more for her family's power and prominence than for her own? For to-night at least she has become one with Emer and the rest, in the effort to embody in charm and graciousness that walk "which is stately and even like the walk of a queen."



ON THE FIRE-BOAT

FIGHTING THE FIRE

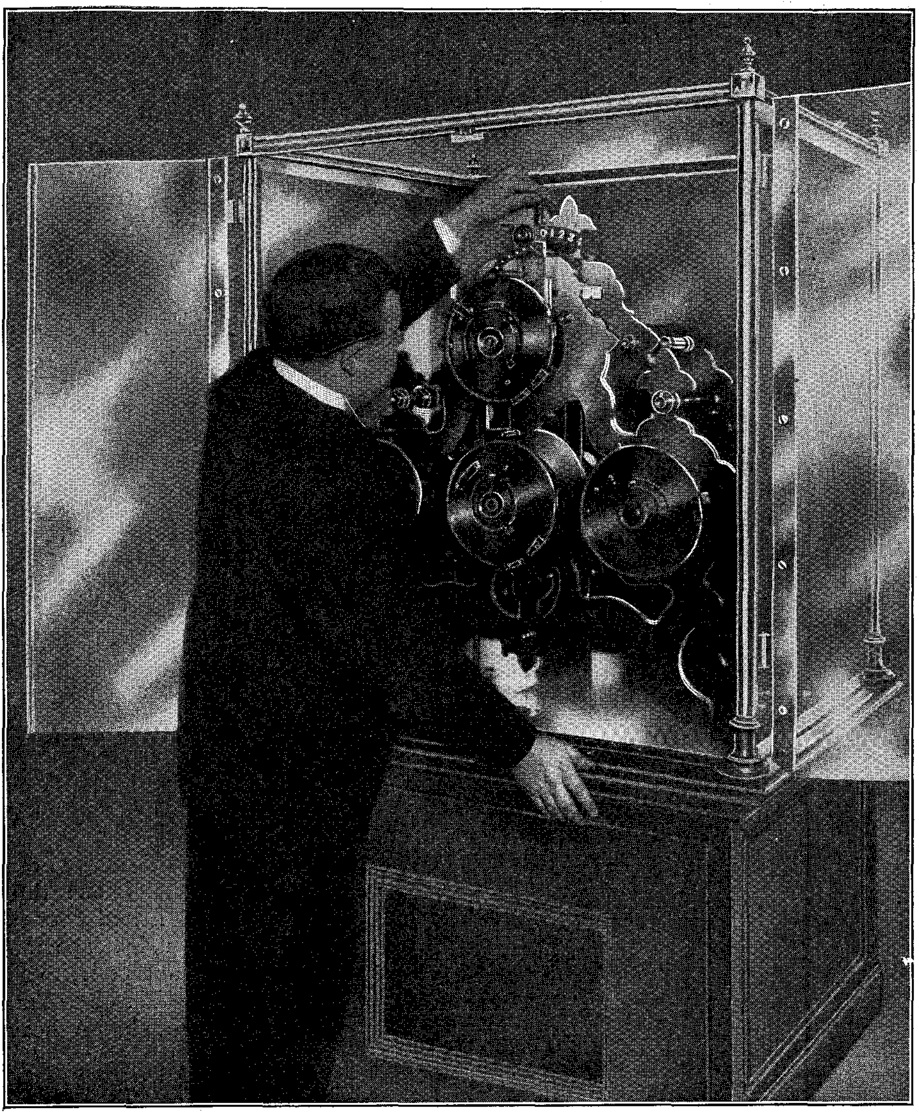
By

JOHN FOSTER CARR
and ARTHUR HEWITT

Photographs by Arthur Hewitt

IN London the brass-helmeted crews of the fire-trucks, with their hoarse shouts, chorused and broken, are the wonder of the jeering American. They are rarely seen, for careful building has a general reward of safety; and the scars of fire are imperceptible in that squat town of sooted walls. On the boulevards of Paris, once you have seen them, you will never forget the splendid dash of the *pompiers* or the piping toot of their toy trumpets. Yet you bear away no memories of blackened ruins, and no destructive fires ever add their illumination to that World of Light. But New York is a city forever burning. Thirty times and more a day there is a clamorous ringing of gongs, clanging from the Battery to the furthest corner of the Bronx, and thirty times and more a day, in a miracle of speed, four engines are hurled thundering forth in their heavy rolling flight of wheels to the flashing call of fire. Within the Greater City eight million dollars' worth of property are annually devoured by the flames, and the ever-present peril is signed on the city's streets.

High in the sandstone tower of Headquarters, in a quiet room, there are delicate disked machines in plate-glass cases, ponderous tickers with broad sheets, hundreds of banked annunciators, cabinets of walnut and brass. Three clerks sit silently waiting for the rattling of a buzzer, for hither stretch some three thousand miles of wire, netted over the streets of the five boroughs, expectant, like the nerves of a giant body, to signal the pain of fire to this office-brain of the Fire Alarm Telegraph. A heavy official air broods in the place. Our guide droned his explanations of the intricate machines, but we were bored by his marvels until there came the electric hiss of the buzzer, and we were abandoned. Silently and with magical swiftness for ten seconds the three clerks were a part of the machines. Four—Seven—Eight had dropped in the tiny window of an annunciator. A wheel of brass, notched to the number of the alarm, was snapped to its place on a waiting axle. A lever was touched; twice it was set on its flying journey, and twice the alarm rang in the hundred station-houses of the city. It was flashed into another machine in repeated signal. Twice, and by two clerks, was the number verified on the ticker. A map was



IN THE OFFICE OF THE FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH

Sending out a second alarm

pulled down on a wall to show the scene of fire. The assignment book was opened and the equipment due by the rules for Four—Seven—Eight was pricked out, white numbers on a black field—four engines, two hook and ladder companies, a water tower, and the commanding deputy and battalion chiefs. It was like the flagged setting of a war game, with painted and numbered lead blocks; and war was the word of just comparison, for the fighters of fire have their careful and elaborate strategy.

Like a Franco-German frontier, every inch of ground has been studied and minutely detailed in maps. Under definite orders, like floating fortresses circling the city and protecting the danger zone of warehouses, the fire-boats lie at docks of vantage, the New Yorker at the Battery, with mighty pumps that could fill the great tun of Heidelberg three times within a minute. Every alarm box in the streets has been imagined the scene of a conflagration, and the grouping of forces has been foreordained, from coal trucks and ambulances to searchlights and police. Every company knows its assigned movement for every possible fire. From first to fifth alarm they dash like electric automatons. "Double nine" alone, signal of greatest danger, is a special order from the Chief for selected reinforcements from the whole Department. On a third alarm picked detachments from outlying districts advance within the battle area, and reserves go forward uncalled and "locate" in the empty houses of the engines on duty. For all, except the last tactics of battle, there is the complete dominance of this all-wise, invisible commander.

A second fire blazed for our instruction, and again we saw the swift setting of the signals, and the crude mathematical picturing of the scene. It took time to master details, and the buzzer clattered for a third, a fourth, a fifth fire. The weird mechanism of discs and wires and markers seemed to move at the touch of Fate itself, a power relentlessly decreeing the repetition in small-changing totals of the annual statistics of destruction. Down in the streets the roar of the engine lives for but a moment in the tumultuous flowing of the life of the city. High up here the record grows determinately till you become fatalist. With astonishing precision, year follows year in the assigned causes of fire. "Carelessness with matches" always leads by the inevitable percentage, and so in sequence: "Children playing with fire," and "Cigar and cigarette ends falling through gratings." So, too, Jewish Sabbath lights, and Italian tapers carelessly burning under Saints and Madonnas, kindle their calculable yearly tale of horrors. And, by some iron decree, the average annual loss for each fire mounts unfailingly to $680, and varies but $1.50 in two years. And then there is that persistent daily mean of thirty alarms. As you watch the numbers click to their calls, you may think to see the hours playing for victims a ghastly red-and-black of their own—a roulette of demons.

More nourishing than this is the spell of the life of human valor and skill that, in spite of grafting politicians, makes New York's fire losses a small casualty of battle. And we were to see Chief Croker, who holds the whole Department at the touch of buttons; who rose from the ranks, sleeps in an engine-house, and does his hours of duty like a fourth-class fireman. Sleek, immaculate in a blue uniform, he swung round to us from his broad, shining mahogany desk. We saw such character as you can discover in a clear, quick-moving gray eye, a heavy assertive jaw, a stalwart body of alertly living muscle. Never at a loss for a fact, he affably multiplied our small knowledge. Yet he would tell no stories, and our hopes of heroic tales were extinguished by the cold-water dash of his "business" view.

"If we do quick work in answering alarms," he said, "it's because we own the streets. Our engines have right of way over everything except the United States mail, and we rammed one of *their* wagons the other day." And his teeth chopped off a cigar end with something of the power of a steam cutter.

At a great fire his quick, strutting step, the backward tilt of his head, somehow express tremendous physical strength. He is the center of movement, discharging orders in volleys, quick leader and rough master, fearless as if he knew fire for a coward enemy. He is as unsparing of others as of himself, and the rigor of that fairness is capable of terrible exactions. It was at a desperate East Side fire that a dozen firemen were dragged from a cellar insensible. The police were hurrying them to ambulances in a side street, when Croker descended upon them in fury and with oaths. He howled out his rule: "They are *my* men. I know when they are finished. Leave them alone. I need them here." He splashed water in their faces, and, when they floundered to their feet again, ran them back to the blazing building. "Hard?" a fireman echoed at us. "Yes! But you've got to be hard! You've got to be willing to spend every life in a company if you're to kill out fires in this town. That's the way of the Department!" And we were soon to see for ourselves.

With the city formally released from claims for injury, we became as new recruits under orders, and took up our quarters with Engine Company Number

Seventeen—the busiest in the world—in the heart of the Ghetto—dashing to a hundred fires a month. And there the Captain, an ancient fighter of fires, taught us the first steps in his dexterous trade. We learned to catch the brass pole, hand under elbow, until we could slide quickly from floor to floor. We practiced jumping directly from bed into our "turnouts"—trousers rumpled down over the legs of great rubber boots. We learned our stations on engine and hose-cart, stacked our helmets on our rubber coats turned inside out, right arm-hole up.

"Effective firemen of the fourth class," chortled the Captain, as we stumbled about. Suddenly there came the terrifying rattle of the gong, and, ready to jump ourselves, we looked for earthquake, or at least expedition. But two of the horses had to be driven with a strap beneath the hanging harness. The men stood carelessly at their places; those who had been napping stretched and yawned. The horses shambled back to their stalls; and the watchman at the desk chuckled to the grins of the company: "That was ten miles away up the Bronx. But keep your eye open for those old sorrels, if she rings in the first two hundreds. They know their own numbers."

It was in vain we waited. Smoking sociable pipes, we dragged out the evening with yarns. We fooled with the two puppies—few are the dogs that live to age in an engine-house. A girl with a shawled head daintily poked her nose in at the door to see the time. Jimmy Lynch, leader of musical revels, got out his harmonium for "Sweet as the Heather." We took a turn out of doors, and remembered that we were within the Jewish pale. Back we went, and to friendship with "Ikey the Monk," and "Petey," a shuffling veteran of thirty-five years' erranding—these were the "Buffs" of Company Seventeen—timid and unavowed camp-followers, who time after time ran to bring us hot coffee and sandwiches from the delicatessen commissariat down the street. Wearily at midnight we turned in, but not to sleep, for our eyes were held open by the excitement of waiting.

A dim light came up the stairs and through the open transom of the officers' quarters. Gleaming out of the darkness you could see the brass of the four poles for our descent. You could see the burnished gong glowing sullenly against the ceiling. And darkly, as you raised on your elbow, you could see the forms of a dozen men resting heavily on that white line of cots that stretched the length of the low-lying room. They and four thousand others, like garrisoned, were the guards of the sleeping city. Rolling restlessly on our beds, we strove prodigiously to imagine the terrific act to which we might at any moment be summoned. Tense was the expectation of the call; yet the hours dragged on, until we, too, sank into slumber, and slept deeply till a thing happened like a clap of thunder. It was the forward jump of the freed horses. No one spoke. The company as one man thumped into their "turnouts." There was the rush, the swift tumbling fall by the brass poles—man on man—the scramble for places. But the horses, with slow hoofs, were carelessly sidling up to truck and engine, and again we knew that the call was not for us.

The commanding officer for the next night, when we reported for duty, was Lieutenant Sheridan—Sheridan, the ex-champion heavy-weight of "de Ate"—big, brawny, brutal in work, hard of speech—Sheridan, who will get the fear out of any man who will stay by him for six months, and who roughly hides his good heart and his loyalty as if they were things of shame. It was the beginning of January, but the windows were open, and the monotonous, whining sing-song of "Mazeltov" from a Yiddish barrel-organ drifted into the officers' room on the misty air. And there, as our chair-backs worried into the wall, Sheridan, hoarse from late smoke-swallowing in Peck Slip, in the picturesque staccato of "de Ate" painted us vivid sketches of a heroic and swift-moving life. He gave us shuddering tragic stories of the great fires of the Hotel Windsor and of the Royal. He plentifully damned the firebug, in the fixed belief of the Department that one-third of all fires are kindled in arson. He pictured native differences in fire-frighted men—Italians piling trunks, couches, and endless bags in narrow hallways, to the peril of the whole world—Jews giving never a thought to their precious belongings, but tearing away to safety. He huskily spun us raw, comprehensive tales of the terrors of his daily work, of the fumes of ammonia and vitriol, of the deadly smoke of yellow pine, of the hazard of crumbling walls, falling floors, burning ladders; of the surpassing peril of cellar and sub-cellar fires with their hidden risk of drowning—a thousand times worse in the Ghetto, where the Jews secrete the great tanks for their baths of purification.

"Ugly life? Well, it's not as bad as *you* think. You get used to the stench of smoke. You soon have the trick of hanging together with the other boys. You learn to keep your mouth glued shut, an' then there's always a bit of breathin' close to the ground near the wall. The reports list twelve men killed for the whole Department in two years, but still we buy cheaper life insurance than brakemen, and Company Seventeen hasn't lost a man in a fire since 1875. I've only been knocked out once in eighteen years, and then I says to meself, 'What's this?' says I. 'Why! I'm feelin' fine!' No, I think it's an easy death."

At every lull in the night-long talk our novices' ears were stretched for the clang of the gong and the mad trampling of the horses below us. It was three in the morning before we crawled into the two empty cots in line with our "bunkies." The night, from first to last,

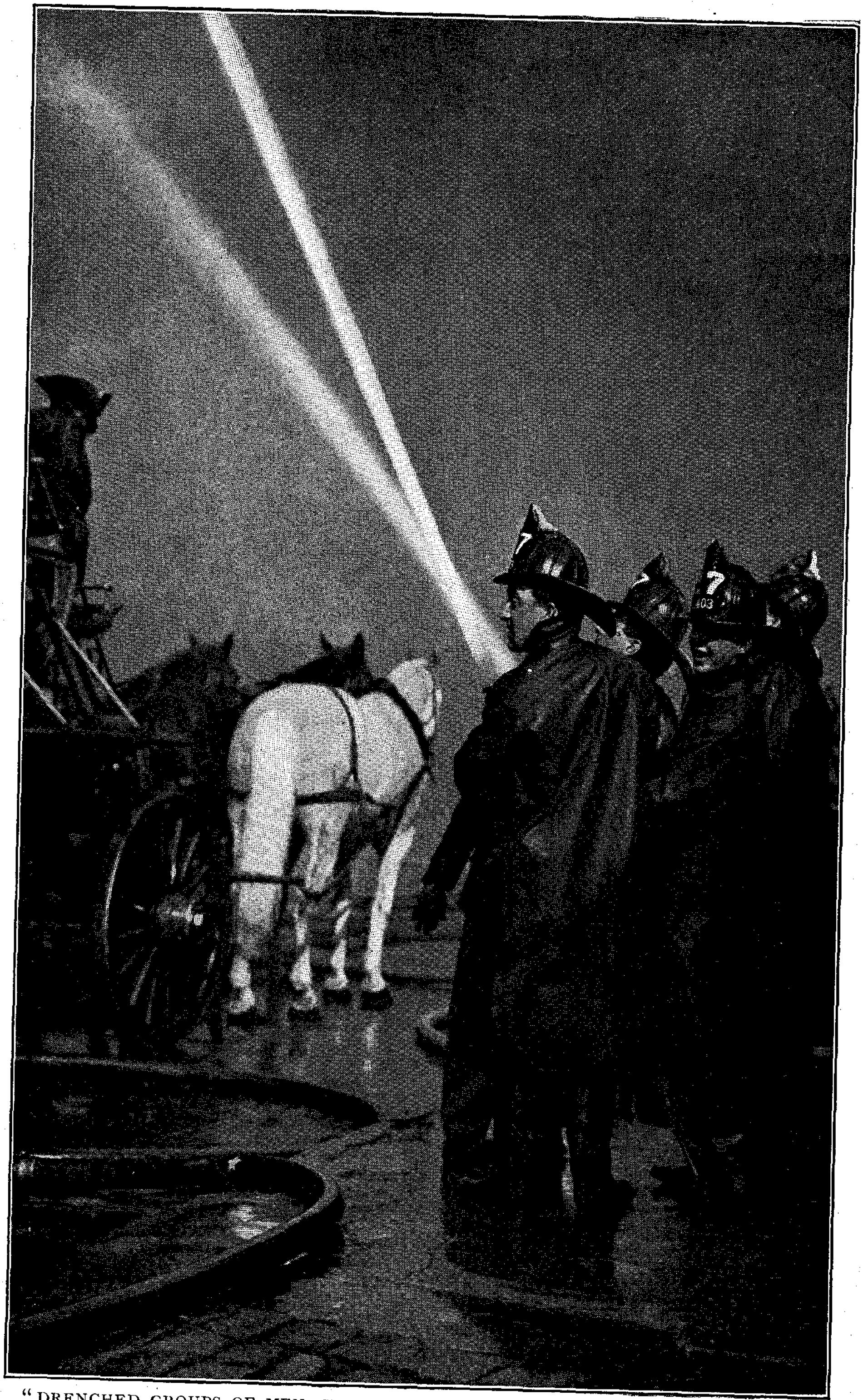
AN ENGINE IN FULL CAREER

brought not a sound, and we slept the peaceful sleep of a country inn. We had our bread and coffee at an indolent hour, and the boys of Seventeen voted us mascots. When, infected, the nervous strain of waiting came on us too, we at last began to understand the first duty of that life of killing waiting and killing work. It had turned sharply cold in the night. The men were moody and restless, biting hard on their pipes; the horses were stamping irritably. And still there was not a sign of fire among New York's four million people. We fell to speculating on the doctrine of chances. Again we talked of roulette. And again we seemed to wait for the declaring of the next in a series of the ineluctably written procession of numbers. The blackboard bore the past sequence of time and place, and to the newest recruit there seemed a fixed order in these strokes of fire—something that a man could calculate if he had a little more wit. There were those six nights before Christmas when the call rang regularly at 8:55. Last week there were those five successive early morning bells that Keeley—rashest and surest of drivers—loved for his "breakfast gong." And as we talked this folly, the engineer, who was smearing putz-paste over the nickel of his smoke-stack, nodded his head at us: "You hear me! There's an alarm coming now. See if we don't get it within an hour and have a hard afternoon and night of it." It was then 11:38 A.M.

We patted the horses whose backs were woefully spattered with spark-scars; kicked our heels to a warming beside the engine as we listened to the steam bird chirping in the boiler; tramped a dozen times round the spick-and-span order of the equipment. "The Monk" brought us a sandwich, and we were just biting into the gray of the rye bread, when there came the rattling clanging of One Hundred. There was an instant hammering of hoofs, a headlong rushing of men, for which there stands in the memory only a marvelous blur of thunderous sound and of electrically moving bodies. We, too, were caught by the whirlwind—one to the engine, one to the hose-cart.

But with the engine was the wondrous life: "Sheridan and the engineer grappled me and thrust me into my coat. I seized the rubber-wound holding-bar. My legs stiffened as we bounded ahead, furiously rolling over the broken pavement. At first I saw nothing but the great gleaming round of the smoke-stack before me. But when I got into the joy of finding myself a part of the terrific speed, my ears blasted by whistle and bell, I leaned far to the right and caught glimpses of Keeley, like a Roman charioteer, stooping over the pole, his hands far apart, his curving whip flying through the air lashing his plunging horses to a fury of speed. Behind, the hose-cart was lost in the streaming, descending clouds of our steam and smoke. Our speed, with a power of lightning, painted life motionless, and as we tore in the parching cold through the very heart of Jewry, a thousand phantasmagoric pictures flew by us: a patriarch of Israel, posed in a doorway, oblivious of our clangorous race, his pipe smoke hanging still in the air; the white teeth and the smile of a red-cheeked *mädchen*, fixed like the beauty of a Frans Hals painting; a boy jumping out of our way, poised on the edge of the curb, painfully on one toe, like a weathercock goddess."

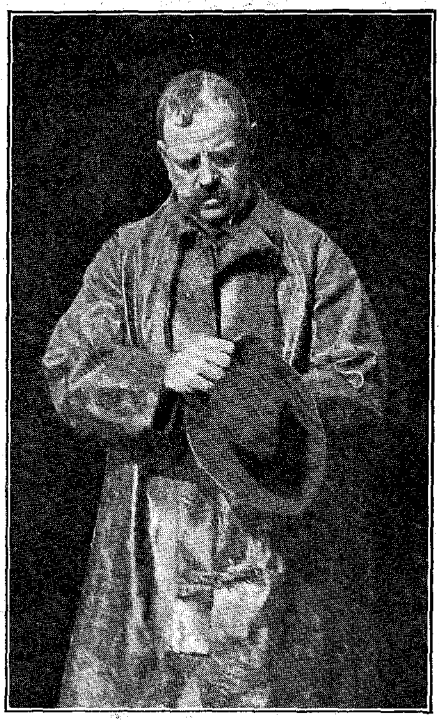
And so, rolling uproariously along the littered and ash-strewn streets of the Ghetto, nearly colliding with a trolley, turning three perilous corners, we made our half-mile. The horses were suddenly wheeled and thrown on their haunches, and the engine was shot to its exact place at the hydrant. Before us, but a hundred feet away, our fire was blazing —a shop on the ground floor at the corner of a seven-story tenement. The crackling flames were flying to the third story. The police had already formed their "fire lines" and driven back the swarming, curious Sunday crowd—it was as if we were in the center of a cleared stage in a great theater. While we were rushing forward, with eyes for nothing but that wind-fanned sheet of flames, in a small fraction of a minute, by some miracle of rapid work unseen by us, the hose was laid. At the order "Stretch in," we seized hold of our great limp pipe and stood from the nozzle numbers



"DRENCHED GROUPS OF MEN, SHINING IN BLACK RUBBER COATS AND HELMETS"

Three and Five, before and behind Sheridan. As we waited a short second for water, we watched, aye, felt, the growing power and height of the flames; saw the fire leap like a cat to the wooden coping of the shop window next door. Then the hose became rigid as a post with the might of the water; the frosted gray column slapped against the stone portico, there was a preliminary swish at the blaze without, and Sheridan's hoarse profanity hurled us into the fire. As we drove through the door, to our right lay twisted masses of red-hot iron glowing dully in the smoke. We could see the man before us a foot away on the other side of the hose, but we could see nothing else in the blinding smart and the darkness, and we never knew how the man at the nozzle found the living heart of the fire. Water slopped and spattered everywhere. The heat surged at us scorching. The smoke was intolerable, and we bent down for air. We choked and spluttered and wept. At the last minute of our strength came the prayed-for order to back out. We were dripping, our faces grimed, streaming. The smoke soon cleared. The water was shut off. Axes and picks tore out still steaming woodwork. There was a hasty, careful search for further fire. With the quick order "Take up," the hose was rapidly thrown back, folded into the truck, and back to quarters we rolled, clanging, to answer the next alarm, which might already have sounded.

We arrived at 12:52. The stopped clock marked 12:26. It was unimaginably quick work—the hard work, dulled into habit, of a fast trade. So the men thought it, and, drilled in the swift routine, they seemed to feel no stirring of the blood in their wonderful feats. But for us were the keen sensations. Always the action of men and horses seemed quicker than our sight. And not our eyes only, but our hands, arms, legs, were leaden dull and heavy-moving. We thought it a marvel that we ever caught engine or truck, and at the next alarm, at 2:52, it was a triumph of observation that one of us dared affirm that he saw the suspended harness drop upon the horses when the driver pulled his reins. Again the engineer touched his flaming oiled torch to the excelsior, the flames roared from the smoke-stack as we boomed over the gutter plank within eleven seconds, and again the earth shook beneath our five tons of vibrant metal as we whirled along Ludlow Street. Sheridan leaned to the driver, croaking his cautions. The rhythmical, plunging flight of the wheels began to get into the head, and the novice knew at last why even the mascot dog of a company "rolls" to a fire. It was a curtain blaze, out before our coming. Yet we dashed up the eight half-flights of stairs, erupted into the singed apartment, and were met with sad Oriental patience and disregard by a half-dozen Russian Jews squatting in the disorder.



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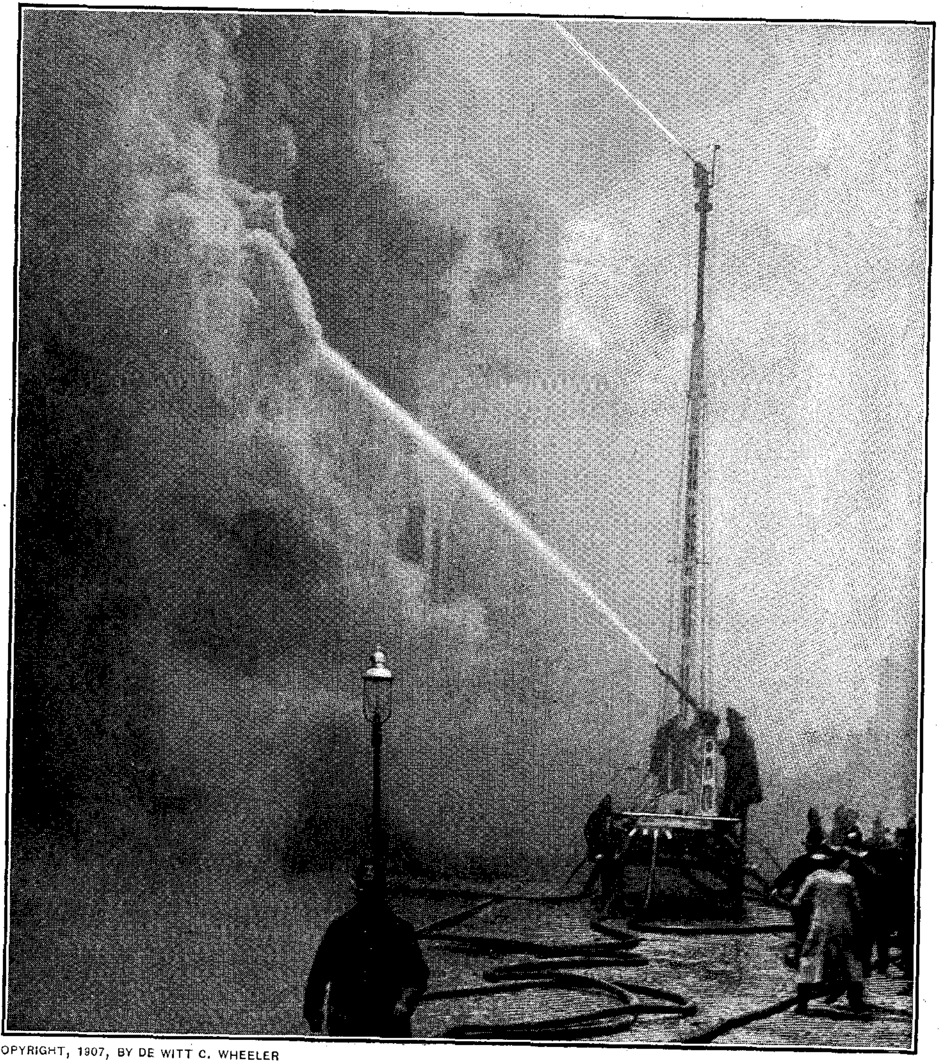
THE CHIEF

With a rush we were back to listen, hour after hour, to the gongs clamoring for engines in distant streets of the ever-burning city. And with tempered impatience we idled. We made a strange dinner of grilled liver, bitter pickles, and the unleavened *matzoths;* and it was not till 8:36 that we were again summoned, and the engineer rejoiced in the honor of a prophet. The horses vaulted over the sill with us into the darkness. We made a roaring course of a mile, tumbled off, hurried with lanterns and pikes up dark hallways swarming with silent, slow people. There had been a minute's flare from an overturned lamp. At 9:26 we were off again to a minor blaze in Grand Street, where a woman had been hideously burned. Within another half-hour we were rushing towards the river—a swift fight with a lumber-yard fire—perilous for its swaying piles and treacherous footing. At 11:27 One—Eight—Nine stormed out, and before Headquarters could repeat the signal on the larger gong, with a glazed and icicled engine we were whooping on our way to see the smoldering remains of a sofa.

Six fires within eleven hours stood the tally in glaring chalk on the blackboard. The horses were worn to dropping; the men, if they had not been firemen, would have sworn they were dead. At midnight we crawled to the soft beds. Yet one of us slept not. His cot was nearest the first of the brass poles, but he was so dulled with exhaustion that he was the last of the men on a new alarm at 1:30 to take the silent, sliding drop to the rubber-cushioned mat below, and the engine was shrieking its whistle in a wild soprano over the curb when, hatless



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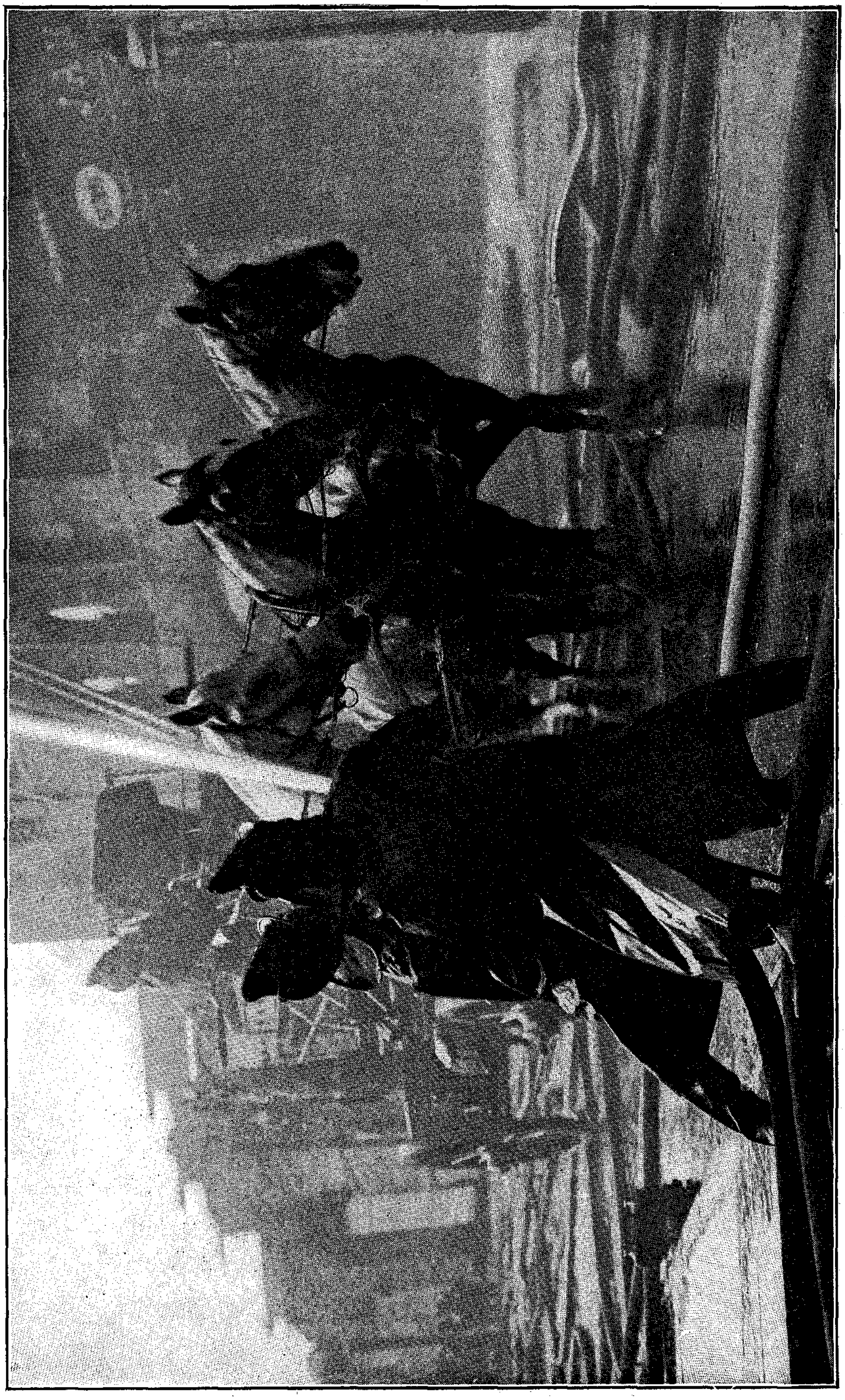
A WATER TOWER



AT THE NOZZLE

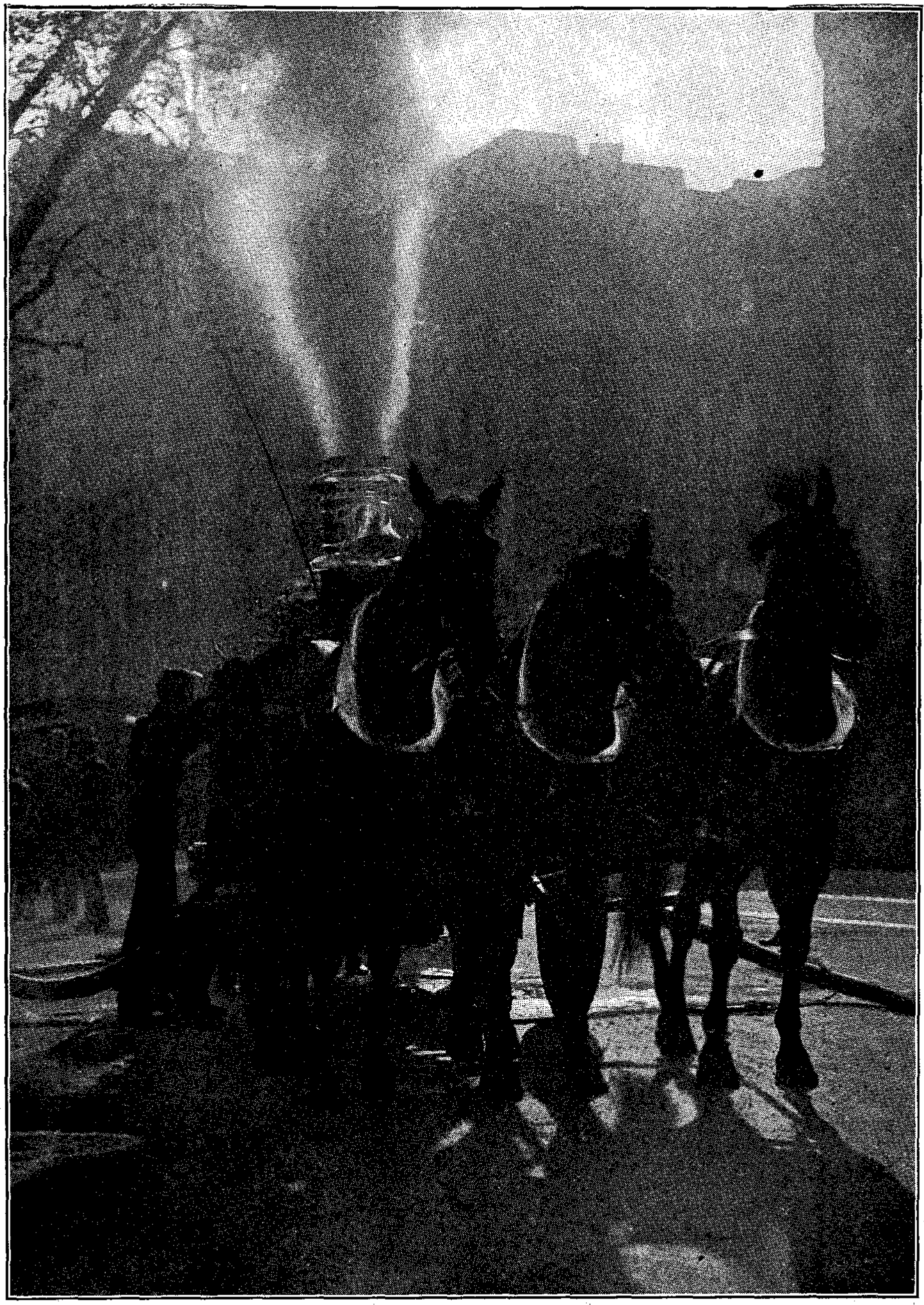
and coatless, he scrambled to the slippery footboard. Carelessly he watched a terrific race with another engine, and, unmoved, saw his dashing Seventeen win first honors of arrival at the fire. Half-dazed, with unblinking eyes, he peered at the cheerful burning of a store and basement lace factory. Plate glass was rattling on the sidewalk; there was the burst and crash of a rammed door. Mechanically, he knew not how, he became a part of the rush into the stifling cloud of smoke, Sheridan, with his set face, again barking his orders with a curse. There was blind staggering, struggling, swaying, man loyally touching man. Life grew weak and the fire strong. He seemed in the presence of the Arch Fear of "Prospice." Hot, there was the fog in the throat and the mist in the face. A kind of sweetness fell upon him, and he knew no more until, lying on the sidewalk, there came the after pain, the racking head, the aching of throat and limbs.

Yet all this was skirmish fighting and nothing more. But within a week we saw in tremendous battle the slow defeat of the Department and the utter destruction of a thirteen-story "fireproof" building. A sullen fire on the fifth floor had burned hotly for three hours in the early night. Alarm after alarm was turned in; twenty engines were pumping, and still the fire gained. Then of a sudden the windows of the sixth floor shone red. They quickly crocked from brown to black, and were not seen again till vivid cracks of light seamed the glass, which bulged for a second, and then, shattered by the heat, fell with a jingling crash on the pavement below. Furiously the flames curled round the casements, and through the denser smoke only a newer and a higher line of volleying flames told of the doom of another floor. Another excited hour and the victorious fire, in sheets, torn and lambent-ribboned, had reached the wide eaves.

It was danger so magnificently staged that it was the rarest of spectacles, gorgeous in flaring reds. Dyed in the lurid light, the smoke floated in cumulus clouds, or drifted raggedly. Shot with golden falling stars, it trailed over the barred silver of the searchlight. Three white towers of steel spouted gigantically, and the water streamed upon the glowing walls. There were streams parallel, shooting out straight from another beetling cliff of brick. There were streams playing at a dozen angles, streaked across the smoke. They spat and hissed on the walls. They curved and sprayed like wonderful plumes, and threw clouds of shining mist into the flames. They were silver, they were dark gray; they glittered with gold.

Engines with piercing whistles call for coal, and the battle is loud in the streets. A fifth alarm has sounded, and every hydrant within the radius of a half-mile is in use. The great La France engines are vehemently humming; the small Notts are shaking themselves frantic to raise the water an extra foot. But not a gallon is thrown above the eighth floor. The oldest of the throbbing hose is weakened by the enormous pressure and bursts, until the streets are filled with giant fans of water. The towers begin to dribble ineffectively, and stream after stream feebly falls to earth. Drenched groups of men, shining in black rubber coats and helmets, are heavily toiling at the pipes; yet not an inch is gained. Hook and ladder trucks and water towers shift positions. An abandoned engine under the blazing cornice of the pile is boldly dragged away in retreat by six of the men. The white-coated and red-helmeted salvage corps hurry by. A rumor goes that four men are caught on the only corner of the roof that is not yet ablaze. Ten minutes more and the reporters crowd questioning around the rescuer, Hery, of Company Three, who shot the life-line to the roof from the dome of the "Florence." Suddenly, appalling in terror, there is a mighty quaking roar. Heavy quintuple presses and a group of safes have plunged from roof to sub-cellar, and the certain question is asked, "How many were killed?" Cylinders of benzine explode like salvos of artillery. There is the dull boom of a back-draught, and the deafening fall of brick.

The men begin to fall back; the very last of them leave the building. But an instant before the flames, descending, seize the lower floors, there is a sudden



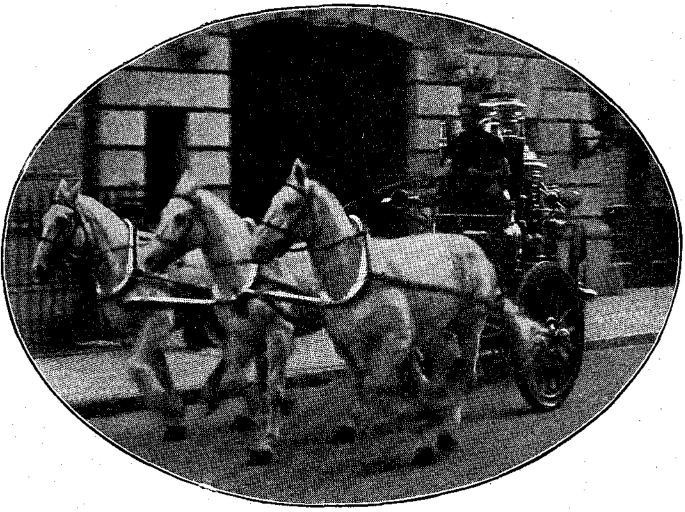
"ENGINES . . . CALL FOR COAL"

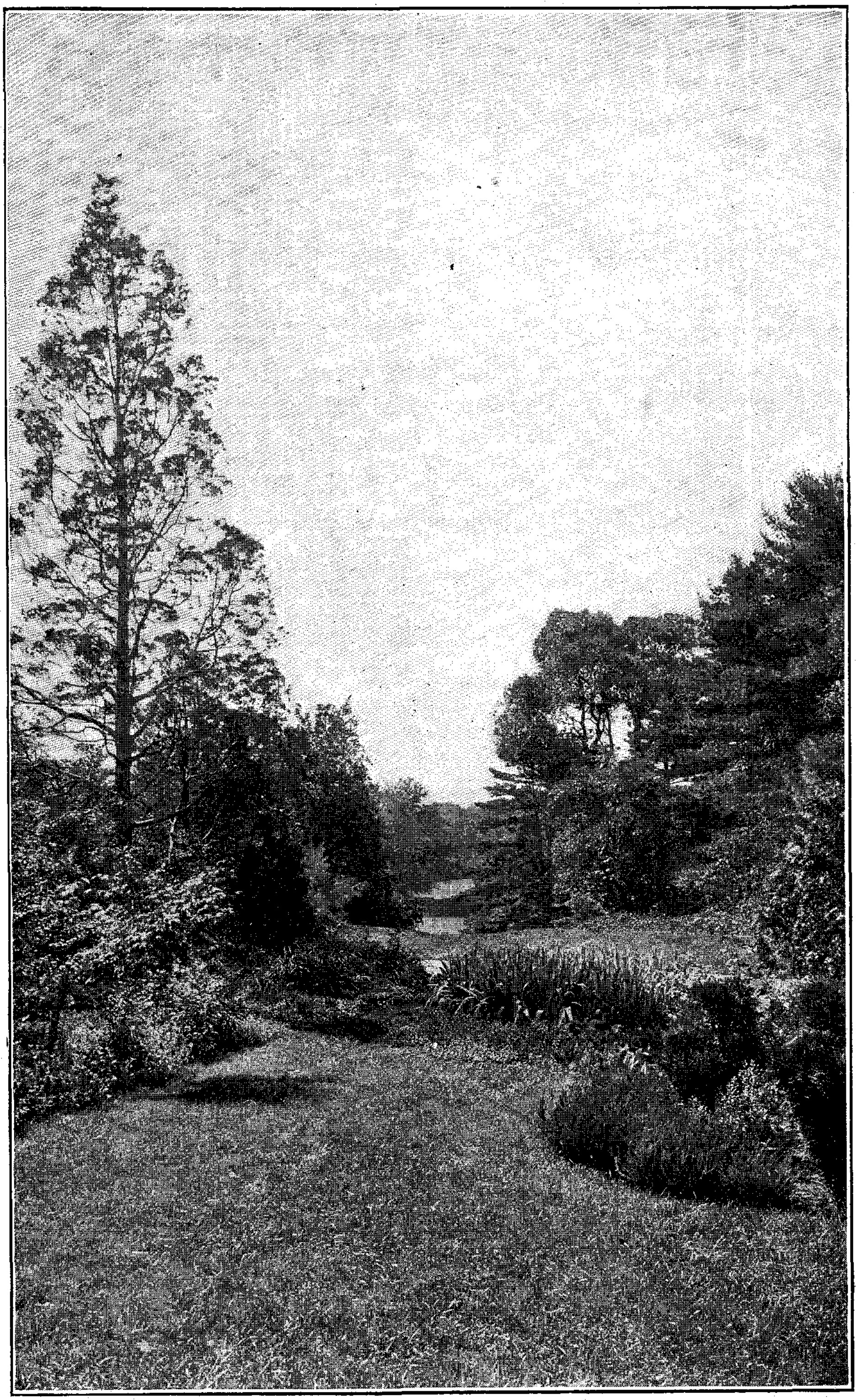
tumult, and a rushing of ladders down the street. Three of the Fire Patrol, trapped on the stairway of the fourth story, had climbed out of a window, and, retreating from the fire, crawled along the narrow ledge to a vertical wire sign at the corner, where for a quarter of an hour they have hung unnoticed and helpless, clinging like monkeys to the narrow mesh of the steel. Doctors with their black bags, in overcoats and white trousers, hurry about, and many wounded are carried away. In the very midst of the battle, company by company, a roll-call is taken, and the missing are known by name.

The great Parker Building burned to a skeleton of walls, and the Department went down to a heavy defeat. Our own Seventeen, in the very front of the fight, lost in everything but life. Three men were killed that night and forty were taken to the hospital. It was near morning when the battle was over, and a little procession, rubber-clad and helmeted, with pikes and swinging lanterns, entered the great columned doorway to find the men that were lost. Seven times they struggled up three flights of stairs, only to return defeated by the smoke, the killing heat and thudding bricks. Nor did they succeed for three days. And soon again the roll of death was to grow. Within another month three more brave fellows died at fires—the lion-hearted Deputy Chief, Kruger, miserably drowned in a sub-cellar.

The flaming wonders of that night were in part the woeful gift of political graft or incompetence. Yet rotten hose but masked the fact of a worse defeat. It was the first fifth-alarm fire in a high, "proof" building. It was a severe trial and failure of the cleverest weapons that our science has given for the fight with the fearful living spirit of our universe of inert matter, for before this Destroyer our best, as well as our worst, in engine and hose was powerless, and New York thought of the fate of Baltimore and San Francisco. For the moment it seemed a cureless impotence in our new and proud civilization, and man still the idle sport of these monstrous, shambling, brute-like gods of the elements—these spirits of the original chaos, capricious, all-powerful, and cruelly delighting in their strength.

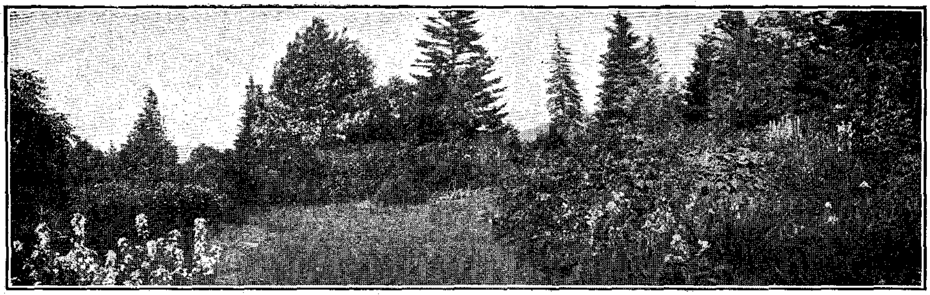
But Cleary, our "bunkie," heartbroken, coughing the smoke out of his lungs as he dragged on an overcoat, had a valid theory of defeat: "It takes the Chief," he spluttered. "If he'd 'a' been here, he'd 'a' been lightin' his cigar by now with that grin o' his, and O'Connor and Phillips 'ud be doin' easy 'sentry go' on Turkish rugs instead o' lyin' dead in that cellar!"





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE R. KING

"TO A TRUE LANDSCAPE GARDENER FLOWERS, SHRUBS, TREES AND SHAVEN LAWNS ARE . . . PIGMENTS, MASSES OF LIGHT AND SHADE, TEXTURES, SURFACES, WITH WHICH HE COMPOSES HIS OUTDOOR PICTURES"



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS BEATRIX JONES

WOMEN AND THE ART OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING

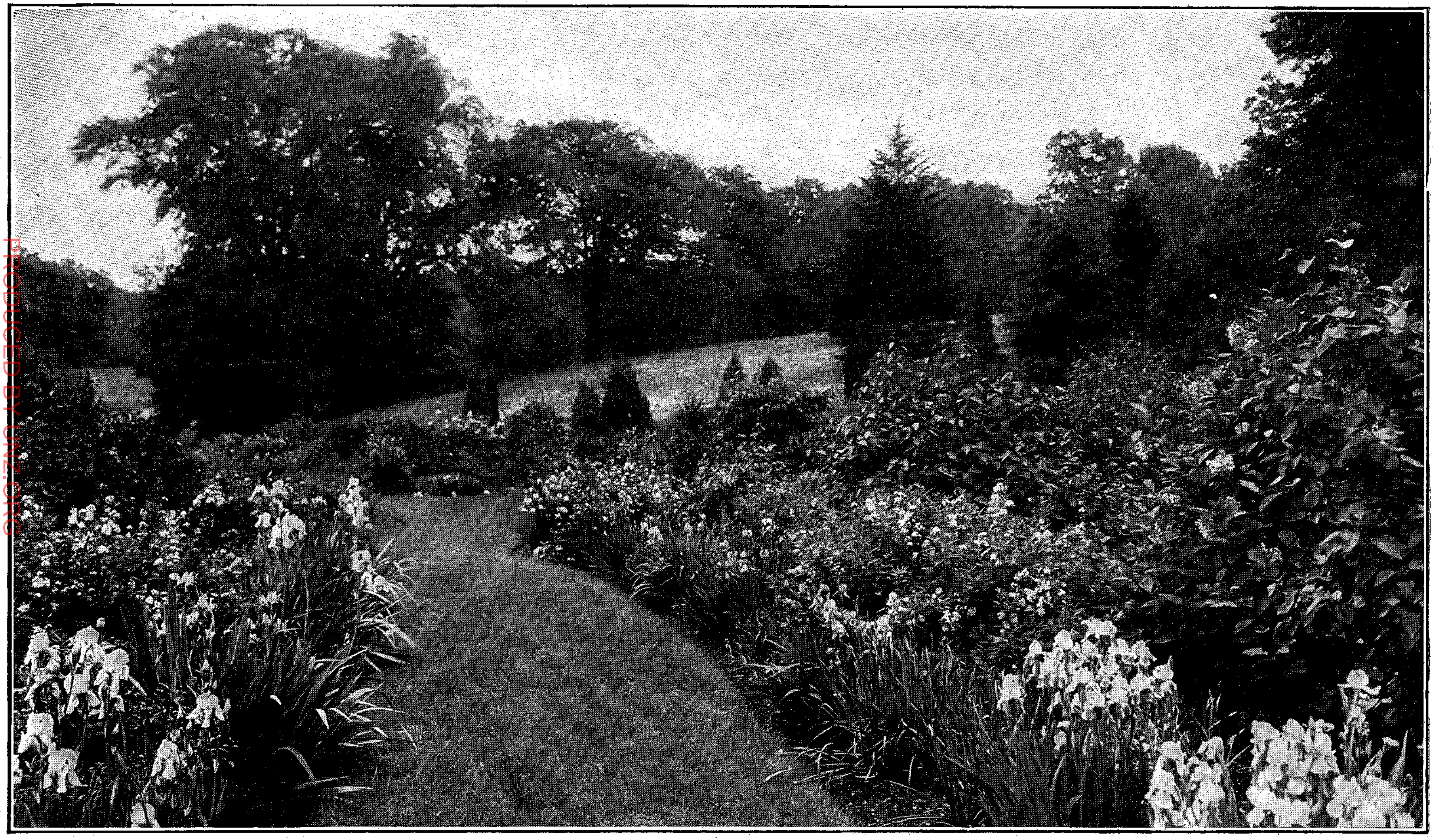
BY MARY BRONSON HARTT

"There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners; . . . they hold up Adam's profession," was the not altogether unprejudiced opinion of the First Gravedigger; and we may infer from Mr. John La Farge's statement that the Fiji Islander arranges his garden with an engaging taste, not inartistic, that the art of landscape gardening was known before the dawn of civilization. But, like most of the other arts, it was of comparatively late development in this country. Its greatest American exponent, the late Frederick Law Olmsted, did not enter upon his career as a landscape architect until after the Civil War. The secure and honorable position which landscape gardening has now come to hold among the professions and its successful adoption by a small group of earnest women have led The Outlook to ask Miss Hartt to present a study of this latter phase of the subject. Landscape gardening for women is no longer an experiment, though the question of the extent to which the natural aptitude and the requisite training for it can be combined with the necessary strength and endurance may still remain unanswered. In connection with Miss Hartt's article we present a series of photographs which, while only in part portraying the work of women, illustrate certain general phases of the subject.—THE EDITORS.

COLLECTORS of novel occupations for women—how many they are, to be sure, and how conscientiously they scour the earth for things a woman might supposedly be able to do!—are lightly holding out the profession of landscape gardening as a congenial, soothing, out-of-doors pursuit to which a woman of taste, who loves flowers, cannot do better than turn her hand. Such counsel is taking sure effect, helped on, no doubt, by the flood of "how-to" gardening books, in which the art seems to simmer down to a question whether to put sweet-peas here or nasturtiums there. Landscape architects tell me that they are continually besieged with letters from fair aspirants seeking advice how best to arm themselves for careers in the garden. And certainly scores of young women who do not get so far as this are talking of "taking up" landscape gardening, for all the world as if it were a craft, like basketry or burnt-wood.

These good ladies have commonly the most rudimentary notions as to the demands, the hardships, or the rewards of the profession. Herein they are in no worse case than their fathers and brothers. A well-known Boston architect assures me that an amazing number of otherwise sane, responsible business men come to him every year, saying: "I'm all worn out. I need a rest. Once upon a time I dug a rose-bush and it got on famously. Do you know, I've a notion to go in for landscape gardening!"

Plainly it is time for a rational discussion of the subject.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE J. HORACE M'FARLAND COMPANY

"IN A LANDSCAPE GARDEN FLOWERS EXIST, IF AT ALL, FOR THE SAKE OF THE WHOLE EFFECT"

A delightful vagueness seems to fill the public mind at the mention of landscape art—and, indeed, the profusion of sounding terms used by the profession does not conduce to clarity of thinking. We hear of landscape gardeners, landscape artists, landscape architects, and landscape designers. The reason for this is that the really professional men have flown distractedly from one term to another to avoid being confused with certain unprofessional quacks. For that word "landscape" is easily prefixed to the titles of canny gentlemen with an eye to dollars, when plain "gardener," or at most "horticulturist," would more accurately fit their case.

The luckless public, however, not being in the secret, fancies it sees a distinction between terms which mean precisely the same thing. A young woman who would shrink affrighted from the thought of meddling with anything so ambitious as landscape architecture conceives herself quite capable of mastering the art of landscape *gardening*, which she supposes consists in the effective arrangement of flowers in beds, in gardens which exist for the sake of the flowers.

Now in a landscape garden, if one may use the term, flowers exist, if at all, for the sake of the whole effect. To a true landscape gardener flowers, shrubs, trees, and shaven lawns are not so much things of beauty in themselves as pigments, masses of light and shade, textures, surfaces, with which he composes his outdoor pictures. The design's the thing—the comprehensive scheme which takes the house with the grounds, or in park lands the varied elements in the scene, and coaxes them into one satisfying, harmonious whole.

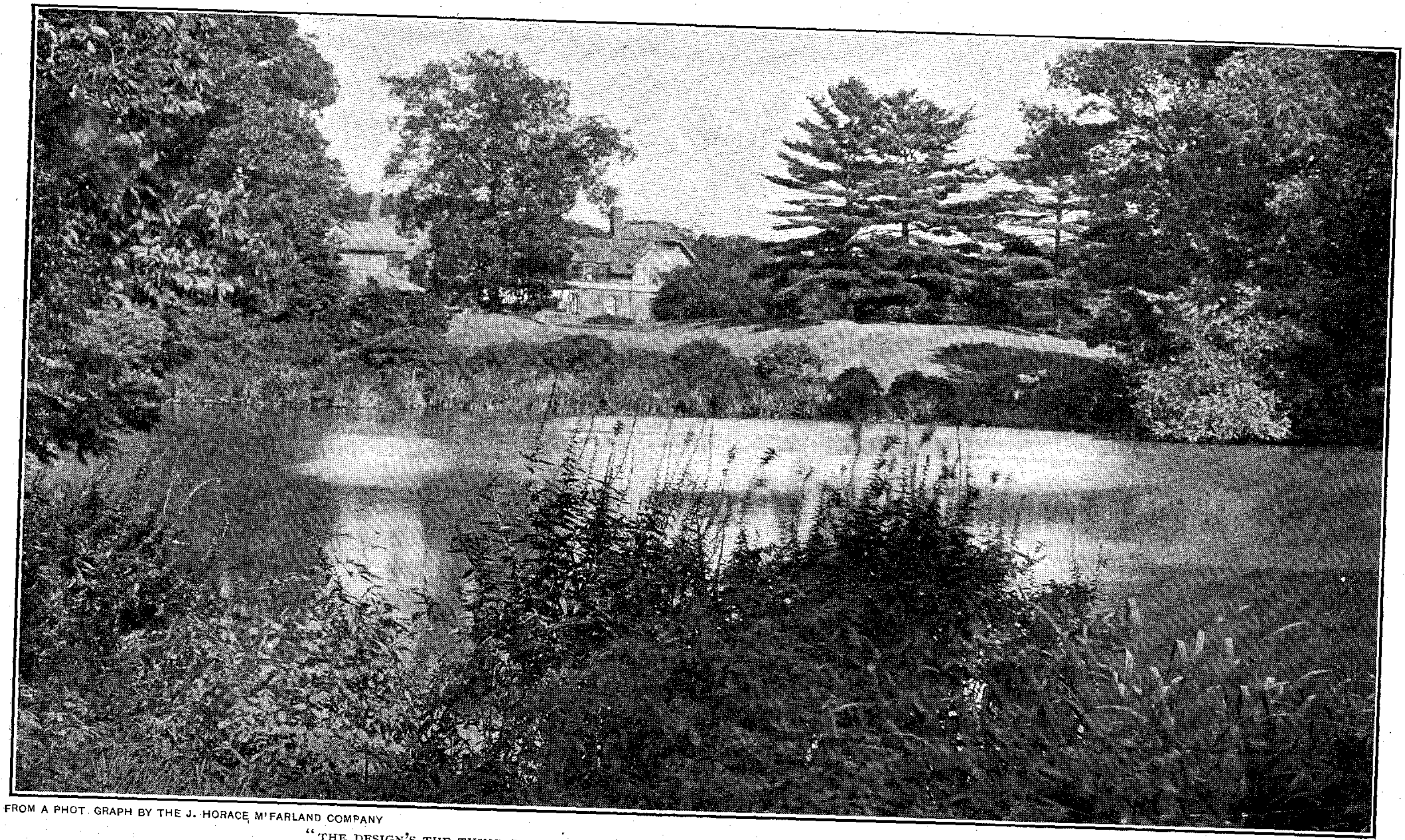
The design may be formal, as in the old French or Italian gardens, or, as is more likely in this country, it may be naturalistic, so that those of us not too familiar with nature in her untutored phases shall say with a sigh of pleasure that it looks as if it just grew. It is all one whether it be the grounds of a modest suburban villa, or a park, or a great country estate; it matters not whether the artist is called in before ever the land is bought that he may help to determine the site, select the best spot for the house, and consistently preserve and develop the most effective features in the scene, or whether, his advice being sought at the eleventh hour, he has to make what he can of the havoc left by contractors—the principle is the same. The art is one, though its problems are infinitely varied. And those who are carelessly contemplating "taking it up" had best face the fact that it is nothing less than the profession of the late Frederick Law Olmsted in which they are planning to dabble.

Is there, then, no field for women here at all?

The answer to that question is a gallant little group of women who have forged for themselves National reputations. It is a very little group, it is true, scarce half a dozen all told. And yet, considering the smallness of the body of men in the profession—the American Society of Landscape Architects, men and women together, numbers not half a hundred names—the showing is not so bad.

Ask any notable landscape architect—any man, I mean—what standing he gives to the work of the women in his profession, and he will tell you cordially enough that some of it at least will bear comparison with similar work by the best of the men. Having said so much, he will probably hasten to add a guarded doubt whether women will ever achieve success on a grand scale, whether they conceive largely enough to undertake public works like the laying out of great parks or the plotting of plans for new cities.

From this verdict the women themselves are little inclined to appeal. Miss Beatrix Jones, of New York, *doyenne* of the profession in America, says: "So far as I can learn from the present trend of things, it seems likely that for some time to come women's work will be almost entirely limited to that of a domestic character." (This although Miss Jones has herself some little public work, in the way of designs for squares or parks, to her credit.) Miss Martha Brown, also of New York, and another prominent member of the little group mentioned above, thinks that woman's skill and patience might be utilized in co-operation



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE J. HORACE M'FARLAND COMPANY

"THE DESIGN'S THE THING, THE COMPREHENSIVE SCHEME WHICH TAKES THE HOUSE WITH THE GROUNDS, OR IN PARK LANDS THE VARIED ELEMENTS IN THE SCENE, AND COAXES THEM INTO ONE SATISFYING WHOLE" with men in originating planting schemes for public parks; but that, if she must work alone, private estates are better adapted to her powers.

Mr. John Nolen points out that, in justice to the women, it should be remembered that they are little likely to get the chance to show what they might do in a public way. In other arts there is nothing to restrain a woman from making a deliberate display of her powers. If she wants to paint a Last Judgment, or model a Pietà, no one can stop her. But in landscape architecture success waits on invitation. A woman might map out the most ambitious plans for an imaginary park. But even supposing she could get any one to look at them, they would be valueless. For the essence of success in such designing is that the plans shall fit specific conditions. Public prejudice would operate against a woman's being trusted with public work, and she would rarely be asked to submit plans for specific projects.

There is one notable exception to the statement that women do not excel in public designing—Miss Wilkinson, an English woman who was adjudged worthy to be made adviser to the London Board of Works. However, we will let Miss Wilkinson prove the rule, leaving to women the ample field of designing beautiful settings for beautiful homes. Herein her male critics agree in paying her more than tolerant regard. Her feeling for beauty is allowed to be, if anything, more sensitive than man's; she has a discriminating eye for color. Moreover, she has that kind of genius which consists in a capacity for taking limitless pains. "A woman will *fuss* with a garden," so says Mr. Guy Lowell, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "in a way that no man will ever have the patience to do. If necessary, she will sit on a camp-stool and see every individual plant put into the ground. I have no hesitation in saying that where the relatively small garden is concerned, the average woman will do better than the average man."

Oh, yes, there's a field for women in landscape gardening; but scarcely a field large enough to invite the sex in a body.

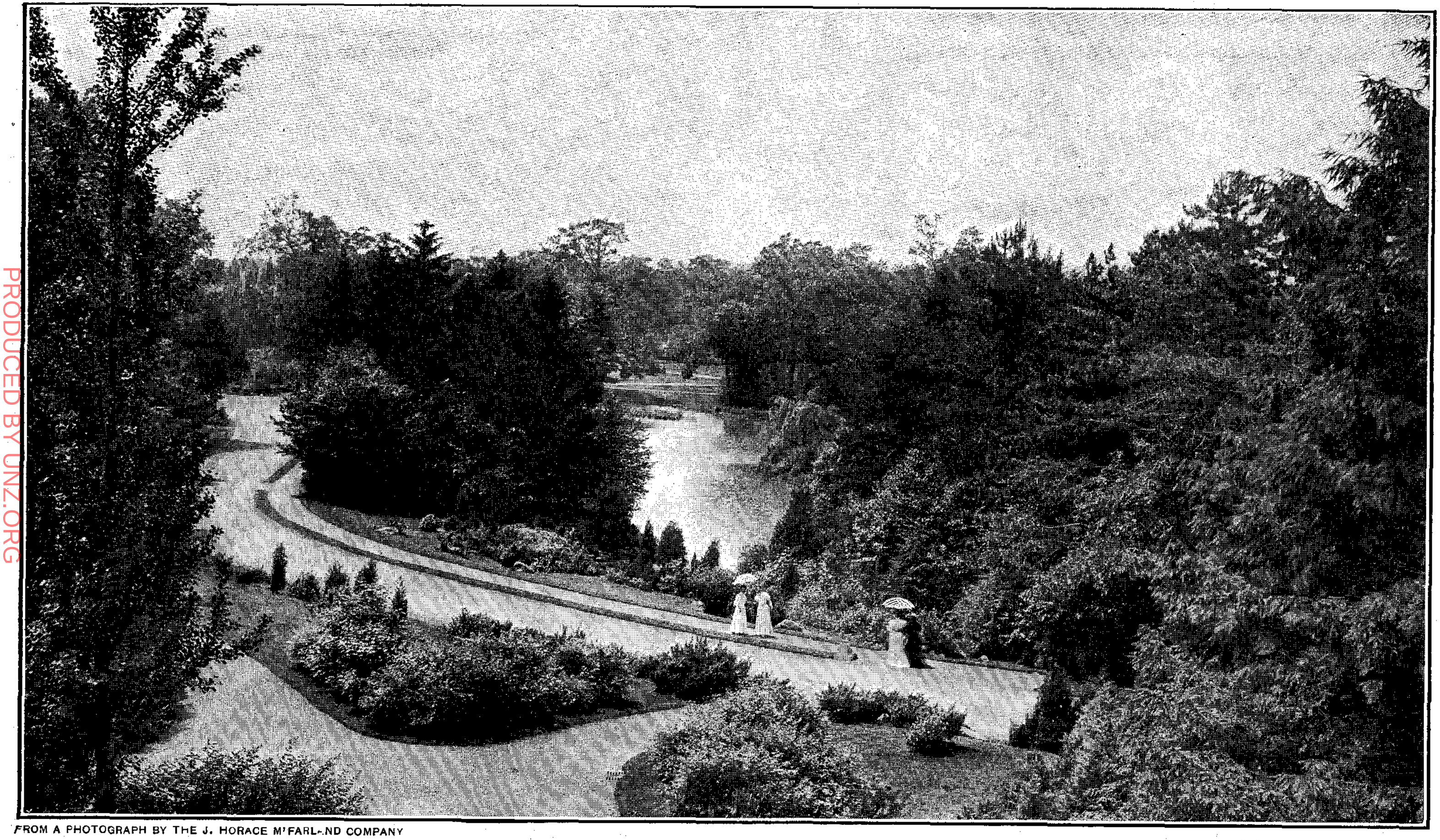
Who, then, are the women who ought to feel themselves called to prepare for it?

In answering this, it should be pointed out that landscape gardening, being not a trade but a profession, shares with other professions this peculiarity, that it cannot be taught. You cannot reduce it to tables, as: four trees make one clump, ten clumps make one grove, ten groves make one wood. Much that is contributory to it, like horticulture, may be learned in the schools, indeed *must* be learned; the novice may be put in the way of coming to her highest development; but, however lavish her initial equipment, in the long run she must work out her own salvation.

This argues a certain native endowment. And, indeed, the woman who looks towards landscape gardening may well take serious counsel with herself. As truly as any painter must she have pictorial imagination, the artist's eye for form and color, for proportion, for composition. For, looking upon ugliness, she must see the potential beauty beneath. She has not the painter's freedom of hand, for no blank canvas, but a more or less stubborn tract of the earth's surface, is spread to receive the picture conceived by her brain. In a sense she needs to add the sculptor's gift to that of the painter, for it is hers to mold the very contours of the earth.

This is much, but there is more. The work of the landscape artist needs not only beauty that appeals to the eye, but that added beauty of fitness, of perfect adaptation to use. Not only to dream dreams, but to make the dreams comfortable to live in—such is the demand upon her who makes beautiful compositions out of home grounds. Hence along with imagination must go keen practicality. And with practicality, constructive ability. Most women plan well, many women arrange well, but the building, the constructive, instinct has sometimes seemed the monopoly of man.

Suppose a woman sufficiently an artist, a devout lover of nature, with the necessary practical endowments, she may then proceed to ask herself whether she is enough of an artist in dealing with men.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE J. HORACE M'FARLAND COMPANY

"IT IS ALL ONE WHETHER IT BE THE GROUNDS OF A MODEST SUBURBAN VILLA, OR A PARK" spent in coddling plants in the "wise stillness" of a garden. There are other things to be coddled, though—namely, the feelings of fussy or opinionated garden-owners, at the very roots of whose warped taste it may be her duty to strike. Nothing short of consummate tact will harmonize the relations of client and designer. Let her, therefore, be wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove.

A certain moral hardihood should be thrown in. For the landscape gardener must sometimes destroy in order to create. She must violate her woman's nature which leads her to protect, to nurse, laying the ax at the root of a beautiful tree for the sake of a more beautiful vista, condemning a lovely detail for the higher loveliness of unity. Sternness is needed, and also the courage of her convictions. For, as Mary Caroline Robbins says in her delightful "Rescue of an Old Place," "Suppose we don't like it when the bushes are down, *what then?*"

Lastly, for she who assumes the care of other people's gardens becomes an executor at once, disburser of other people's money, let her seek in herself no inconsiderable business acumen.

Given a woman with this rare combination of qualities, how shall she best equip herself for her profession?

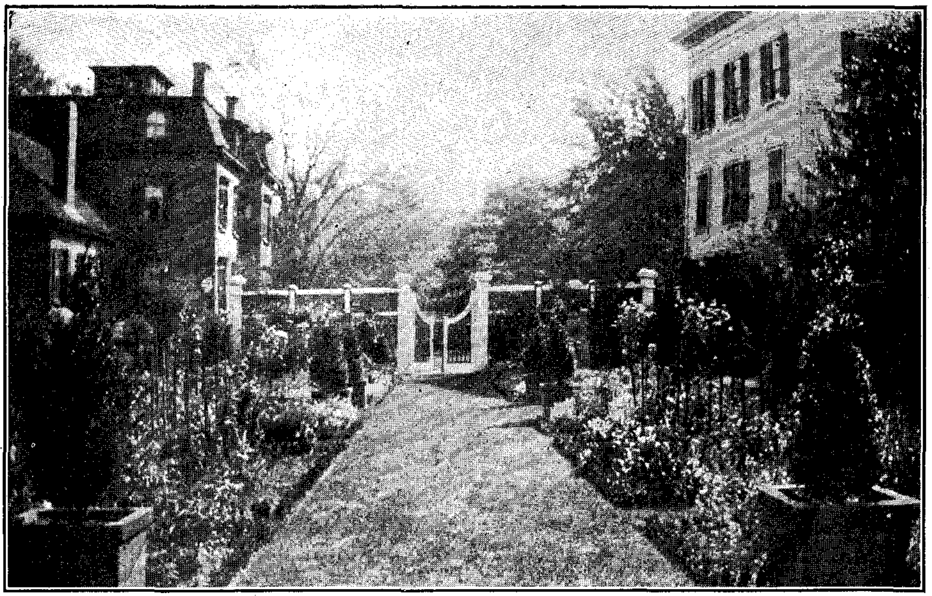
The pioneers among the women, like the pioneers among the men, worked out their problems before such things as courses in landscape gardening were to be had. And there are some who think that that is still the better way, quarreling with the academic method as likely to produce narrow dependence on rules. It is, however, now possible for a woman to put herself through a stiff course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Harvard, with the only other fully developed course in landscape design, does not admit women, though for the present they are not barred from the work in horticulture and silviculture at the Bussey Institution. Cornell offers a somewhat less rigorous programme, open to men and women alike.

But whether a woman subjects herself to training in an institution or conducts her own education, it should be remembered that she cannot learn too much. Horticulture she must master in all its branches, and some knowledge of practical forestry will not come amiss. The principles of architecture and of design must be part of the familiar furniture of her mind. She must be able to draw, both to sketch rapidly and accurately—that she may be able to put her suggestions before her clients in graphic form—and also to draft plans. So much understanding of surveying as will enable her to interpret topographical maps, and of engineering as will at least permit her to consult intelligently with experts when problems emerge that lie beyond her professional ken—these are essential. An easy reading knowledge of French and German will open up a whole realm of technical and critical literature. Somehow she must contrive to get a knowledge of business methods.

There is a general feeling among established landscape architects that the young women now preparing for the profession are impatient of acquiring so much detail. There are rumors that some of them decline to learn to draw, proposing to stake out their plans on the ground, and that others scorn to learn draughtsmanship, since they can always command the services of male underlings to do the stupid work.

Among professionals these airy notions are provocative of vast mirth, and sundry disrespectful stories of blunders made by fair but untechnical landscape *artistes* go the round of the offices. It is maintained that no woman can properly direct the work of underlings unless she is their superior in knowledge.

For the matter of that, I do not find that the established women in the profession are much more tolerant of scamped preparation. And they one and all bemoan the fact that the keystone of such training—apprenticeship in the office of a great firm—is so difficult for a woman to put in place. Says Miss Marian Coffin, another successful member of the profession in New York: "It is hard to get a start, as there is a prejudice in many offices against employing women. . . . A woman has to solve many problems and learn the ropes entirely by herself, while a man has the advantage of long office training



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS MARIAN C. COFFIN

"THE GROUNDS OF A MODEST SUBURBAN HOME"

and experience." It is possible that if women held their noses more doggedly to the technical grindstone, the prejudice against employing them in offices might gradually wear away.

Her preparation finished, does the landscape gardener graduate into an existence of dignified otiosity? Is it a species of rest-cure?

Here it would seem the public is under some slight misapprehension. So far from being a placid, it is a peripatetic, profession. The landscape gardener may be classed as a traveling man. If he has National reputation—and if he has not, he may as well starve unostentatiously at once and be done with it—his services will be called for from all quarters of the map.

And may not an established firm insist upon work in a chosen locality? Perhaps so, though landscape architects are pretty well "bunched up" in New York and Boston, and it seems doubtful whether local work would go round. But they would not so limit themselves if they could. Above everything else, a landscape architect wants breadth and plasticity of mind. He fears coming to work by formula. Hence it is of the utmost importance that he be constantly confronted by fresh problems, new conditions. One architect, whose work carries him from Maine to Virginia, from Oregon to Southern California, told me, between his moans over the heavy travel his year had brought him, that he wouldn't part with the experience for the world.

As the man, so the woman. A large part of that "open-air" life held up so alluringly before her is really spent on overheated sleeping-cars. The fact is, her days are compounded of alternate exposure and confinement as she vibrates between her desk and the field. For much of the preliminary examination of estates must be done in the winter. Country places—worse luck to them!—are usually in the country, and visiting them in blizzardy weather means long, bitter drives, chilling tramps round deserted grounds, meals at impossible places and uncertain intervals, and general misery such as the average woman is not often called upon to endure.

And then the spring! Suppose a woman has a dozen gardens on her hands and the planting season falls due. Why, then she must be as nearly as possible in a dozen places at once. What incredible skippings about the map! What total abandonment of the laws of health! What magnificent indifference to hunger and fatigue, to wet skirts and chilled blood! While the rush lasts, your woman is the stuff that martyrs are made of.

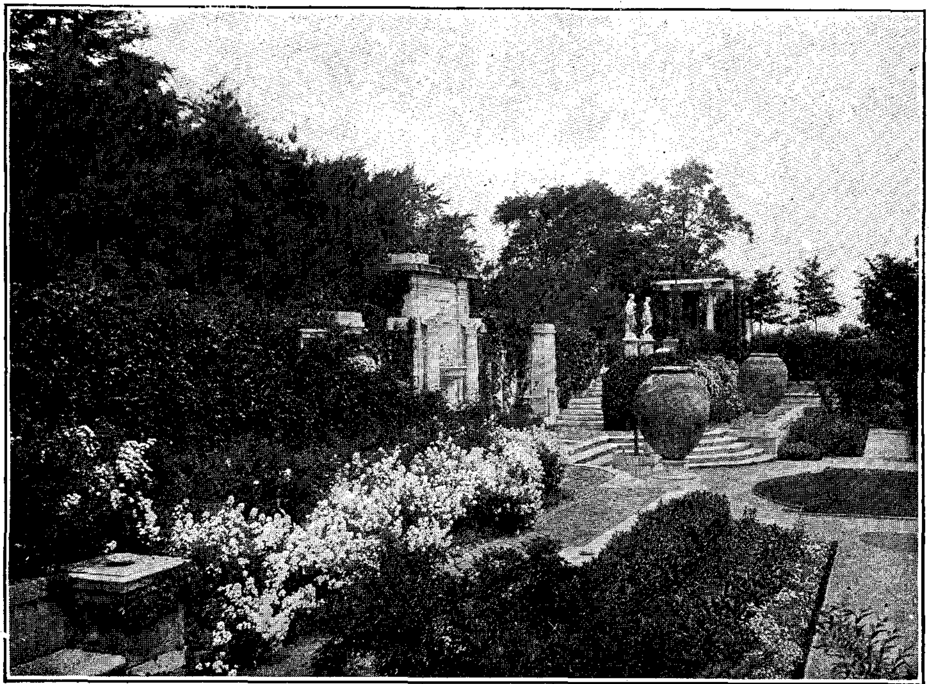
But women pay for such strains. Miss Jones testifies that "robust health is an essential to a woman who wishes to build up more than a small practice in landscape gardening. The physical fatigue involved in this perpetual traveling is very great, and I do not know of any woman who has been for any length of time engaged in a large practice who has not had to stop all work for a longer or shorter time as the result of a breakdown."

When I tell that to landscape gardeners of the other sex, they shake their heads and say, "Pretty much the same might be said of the men."

Away go our flowery visions of a light and puttering pursuit! Landscape gardening deserves to rank among the most taxing of professions.

And the compensation? Well, was it ever known that any fine art was overpaid? Hear the testimony of those who have succeeded. Says Miss Coffin: "Unless a woman has capital, or influence, or is able to get into a good office, she is very foolish to take up the profession as a means of support." And Miss Jones writes: "I do not know of any of the women who are considered to be successful landscape gardeners who have not some means of their own assured to start with, and supplement their incomes by their professional earnings. At present I do not think there is an opportunity for many or few women who depend upon it entirely for their support." Miss Brown opines that it is wrong to look to it for a living primarily, as if it were a trade, and she suggests that some of the women who are turning their thoughts that way because they love growing things and need money, but not because they have large æsthetic endowment, will do better to start nurseries or greenhouses for the nurture of some particular kind of flowers.

As to the question whether the reward is commensurate with the outlay of effort and artistic skill, my feminine informants hesitate to speak lest they seem to put a money value on their own gifts. From men I glean that in all probability women who are making more than $2,500 a year have cause to thank their stars. Also that, as the natural assumption among



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE J. HORACE M'FARLAND COMPANY

"THE DESIGN MAY BE FORMAL, AS IN THE OLD FRENCH OR ITALIAN GARDENS" garden owners is that the designer, like the house architect, should claim only a certain percentage upon the cost of the undertaking, some "jobs" make but poor return. For a small garden may take so much fussing that it ought to pay its designer and superintendent as much as the original outlay for digging and planting. Yet if any rash woman should attempt to charge for her services at that rate, quite terrible would be the result.

Another point should be remembered in considering landscape gardening as a money-making profession. You recall Bacon's words, "And a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely." Conversely, when men come to hard times, and something must be lopped off, the fine garden is the first thing to go. In lean years such as this there is a general curtailment of gardening projects even on great estates, for gardening is still regarded as a pure luxury.

If the pecuniary rewards are not sure to be rich, are there intangible compensations? Nothing dazzling, certainly, in the shape of fame. A National reputation is ground for solid satisfaction, but it brings with it none of the excitement of popular applause. For no landscape architect, unless he be prominently connected with large public works, becomes anything of a hero to the man in the street, landscape architecture not being as yet exactly a popular art.

And then the results of one's labors are so painfully susceptible to change! It is almost like hanging a painting by the roadside, with brushes handy, and a palette full of colors, so that any passing child might daub away at it at will. You cannot copyright a landscape effect, nor otherwise protect it. Your client may take a fancy to tinker it a bit himself, or he may sell his estate, and his successor, by a few weeks of injudicious planting, may blot out the picture wrought through careful years.

Not for one instant will all this daunt the woman to whom landscape design is a master passion. To her, hardships and responsibilities are but so many spurs. She exults in the demands upon every power of mind and body. In other words, she is an artist, and, in so far as her art is concerned, a willful fanatic.

To such as she it is not necessary to say that the game is worth the candle, be the candle never so dear. She will go into the work, in any case, let who will say her nay.

But the woman who is not sure of herself, of her health, of her gift, of her stick-to-it-iveness, had better lay to heart the terse advice of Mr. Lowell: "Don't go into it unless you simply can't keep out!"

AN ITALIAN FUNERAL

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Humbly, O humbly, in slow procession, the hearse and horses, the drivers and mourners
Trail between tenements hung with dark faces and eddying crowds at the gray street-corners.
Clouds hold the skies in, the gutter is muddy, workmen are ripping the street for a sewer,
And lo, to a drum-throb musicians are leading the dead, the dead to a Church of the poor.

A drum-throb! Hark, like a sob of a mother heart-reft at midnight, music is soaring,
Cry from the deeps of the heart of the human, cry that breaks weird through the world's wild roaring—

Blasts of the Law that strikes without pity, wails of the Love that is bowed to the Law,
Voice of all mortals blessing God's giving, God's taking: hearking, I shiver with awe!

And lo, to that music yon swarthy Italians between them are sawing a pine beam in half,
The dead-march rhythm runs through their labor; they swing, they sweat, they grumble and laugh;
Hurrying men greet each other and jostle on errands of business: all are alive:
But the dead trails through the red storm of the living, and the mourners are dumb in the loud man-hive.

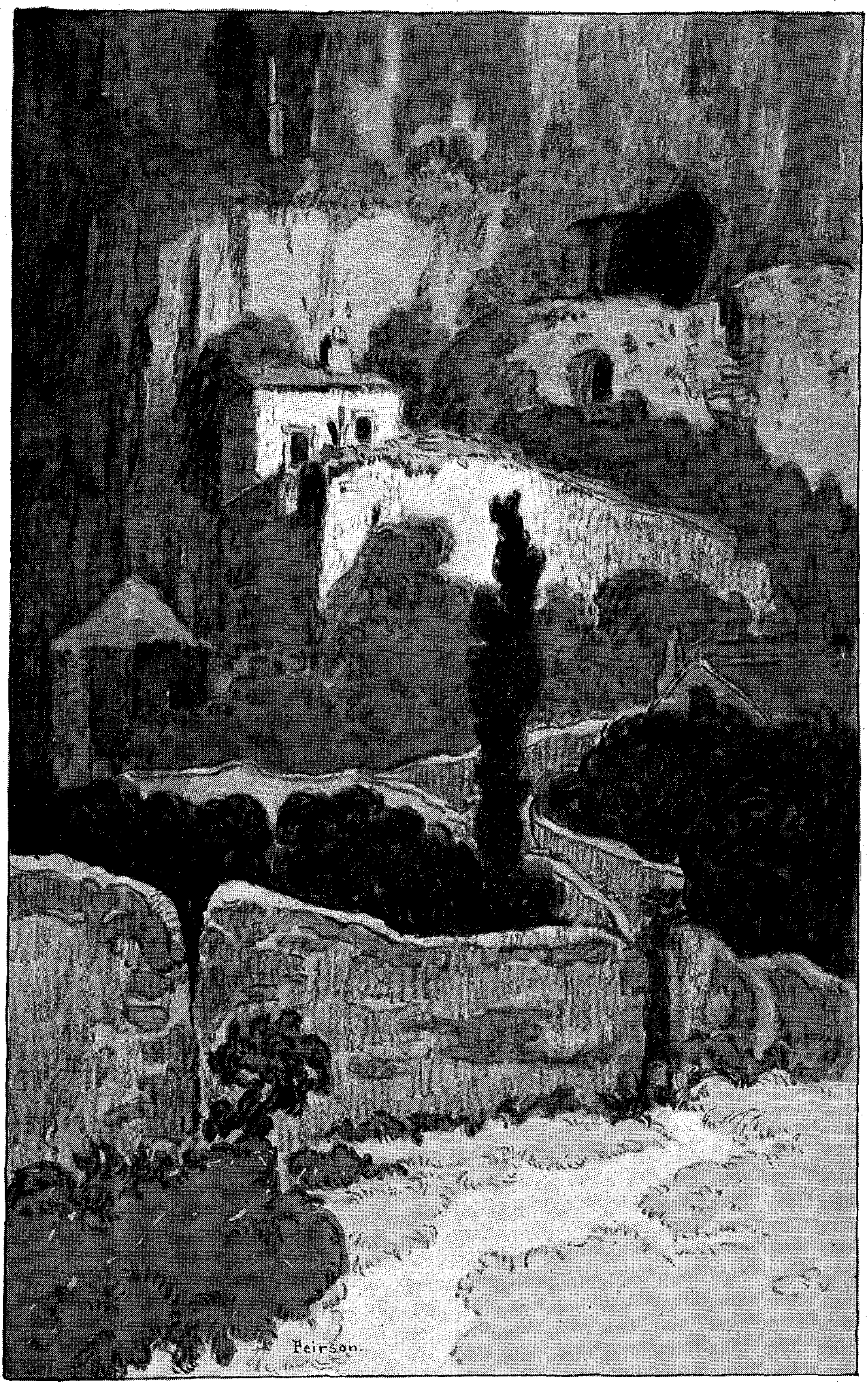
Now at the Church a shrunk shawled woman, weird with saint's eyes and prayer-given lips,
Swings back the door, and lights the six candles, and bends to the Christ whose breast-gash drips;
In comes the coffin borne by stout drivers, and twenty poor humans pour shadowy after,
Dark, dirty, bowed with a Pain more than mourning; yon woman sheds it in ghastly laughter.

O Poor, mean-begotten, rag-pickers, fruit-peddlers, refuse and riffraff washed up a foul street,
Stowed in a cellar under tons of great peoples, torn by the trample of millions of feet,
O Poor, have ye too the dead in your rooms? Have you brought him forth for the world to see?
Six candles light him; a priest and a chanter sing-song old Latin to set the soul free.

Jesus looks down and Mary beholdeth, incense arises: the dead is dead!
Women, O women weep under head-shawls, bleed, torn hearts, uncomforted!
Dead, he is dead, that was dead since birth, that never awoke to the music and dream,
A dumb forked beast that bred and fed mouths and was drowned at last in the mud of the stream.

He is gone: one mouth less now to be filled; but, oh, one toiler less: he is gone!
A month shall ye nearly starve for the burial: ye must pay, pay dearly for leave to mourn.
And why do ye do it? Is there love among shadows, in cellars; have ye dreamt of eternal life?
Were ye led, after all, by the flaming Vision, O son, O brother, O mother, O wife?

Lives a God in your world—your world where the sands forever sink down through the trusted sieves?
I see ye stare at the Christ on the wall: my heart is torn as by hands—God lives!
Ye see his face, ye behold his sweetness; he gropes to you through a plaster cast:
And lo, to me he gropes through your faces, he gropes, he touches, he thrills at last!



"THE PEASANTS LIVED IN LAYERS, THEIR HOMES OCCUPYING THE FACE OF THE CLIFF"

The Pleasant Land of France

Vagabond Glimpses of Two Old Provinces

By Harold and Madeline Howland

Illustrated with drawings by
Alden Peirson

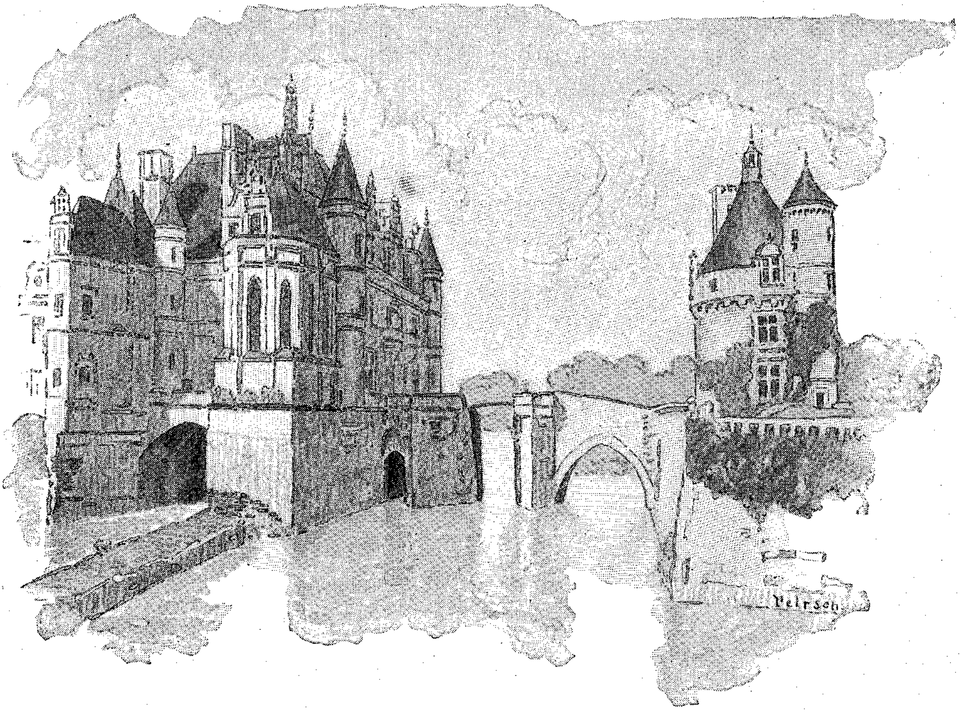
Third Paper

IN the afternoon of our second day at Amboise we drove under a gray sky through a flat gray stretch of country to the famous château of Chenonceaux. The approach to the château is down a long avenue shaded by stately limes. Several groups of country-folk in Sunday finery gave life and color to the scene. Their costumes were not unusual in design, but they were gay and neat, and the women all wore lovely hand-made caps freshly starched and ironed. The château is charmingly situated on the river Cher—quite literally on the river, for a part of the building, supported by stone arches, spans the stream and meets the farther shore with a drawbridge.

During several reigns Chenonceaux was the favorite pleasure place of the court. Here they held great fêtes, here they hunted, idled, quarreled, and intrigued. During its ownership by Diane de Poitiers the château knew its period of greatest brilliance and gayety. It was she who built the long gallery across the Cher and laid out the beautiful gardens. Catherine de Médicis' first act upon the death of Henry II was to depose Diane, the favorite, her hated rival, and herself take possession of the happy halls and sunny woods of Chenonceaux. Its history under her dominion is perhaps no more evil, but certainly more somber, than under Diane's sway. Then it had been the home of festivals and love-intrigues, now it became the center of political plottings.

The rooms of the château which are shown, though beautiful, are not particularly significant. They have been much restored, and show traces of their modern occupancy, though the whole effect is mellow and harmonious. Seen under different auspices, our admiration would perhaps have been more aroused. But we were so unfortunate as to be escorted by an obnoxious female, whose face, voice, and manner vied with each other in exasperating us. We turned our attention from her supercilious proffers of information to the peasants who were our fellow-visitors. The women drew together in a little knot, fingering the old tapestries and embroideries, while the men examined with interest the curious weapons on the walls, exchanging murmured comments on their inutility.

At the gate M'dame stopped for a word with the little old white-capped lodge-keeper about her garden, and won from her a gay bunch of pansies. Turning to enter the carriage, she found M'sieur in the clutches of a most persuasive old dame, who was trying to convince him that his visit to the château would be incomplete if he did not buy a



CHENONCEAUX

box of the Chenonceaux specialty. He succumbed to her insinuating pleadings and bought at an exorbitant price what proved to be barley-sugar sticks of a singularly atrocious flavor. We drove back to Amboise *in the rain*, and spent another night at the inn whose official title is the "Cheval Blanc"—but which remains for us " At the Sign of the Little Fluffy Cat."

Our last day with Gray Brother was a short one in miles, but we lengthened it out by lazy paddling, a long nooning, and a visit to the little town of Rochecorbon. The rain had not entirely forgotten us. It came down in little showers from occasional bunches of black cloud that went hurrying before the west wind across a fleecy white background pierced with blue. During an interval of sunshine we landed on a shaded point which had a tiny harbor with a sandy beach between protecting tree roots for Gray Brother. Bread and cheese and strawberries were quickly disposed of, for we were always hungry in that glorious air. M'sieur betook himself to his pipe, while M'dame curled up at the foot of a tree and promptly slept. The murmur of the breeze in the poplars, the sweet fragrance of the locust blooms, the subdued green and gold light sifting through the canopy of leaves above, and the springy softness of the turf wooed all the senses at once, and the pipe soon dropped unnoticed. When we awoke we indulged in a little target practice with the pistol which M'sieur had insisted on buying in Paris, and set sail again.

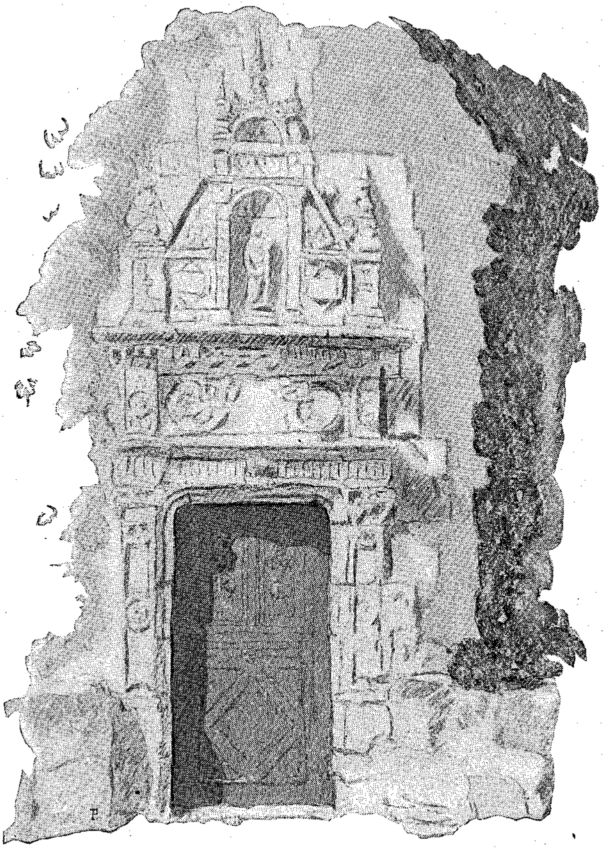
Below Amboise the banks of the river had changed, rising into cliffs a little distance back from the shore. The people of the little towns we passed lived for the most part in caves hollowed out of the cliffs. Rochecorbon was one of these villages of cave-dwellers. It had a single street, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, a mere turnout from the main road, which followed the river's course. On the river side of the street were a few real houses set in the usual walled gardens. On the other side the peasants lived in layers, their homes occupying the face of the rocky wall almost to the top. They looked as though the fronts of the ordinary plaster cottages of the country had been sliced off, a yard or two thick, and pasted on the front of the cliff. The chimneys, built of brick or stone or a couple of pieces of drain tile, almost leaned against the wall, their smoke and soot making a black smudge on the rock above them. In some places little terraces and verandas were built out in front, with a winding flight of the narrowest stone steps leading up to them. Almost every house had a window in addition to its door, but we could not discover any other means of ventilation. We realized that this must be the ideal French home, for its very construction eliminated the possibility of *courants d'air*, as the Frenchman, in his dislike for verbal short cuts, calls draughts. And the Frenchman can discover—and flee from—a *courant d'air* where an Anglo-Saxon would be panting for breath.

By the side of the village street a white-haired peasant woman sat, knitting busily. Her home consisted of two rooms in the rock, several feet below the surface of the road. There she lived alone, she said, in spite of her eighty-odd years. Her house had a door and a window, but the back of the rooms was as dark as a pocket. The tiny front yard was filled with flowers; and, apparently delighted with my request for a rose, she dropped her knitting and hurried to cut a generous bouquet and tie it up tightly with a bit of string to present to me with a rheumatic curtsy.

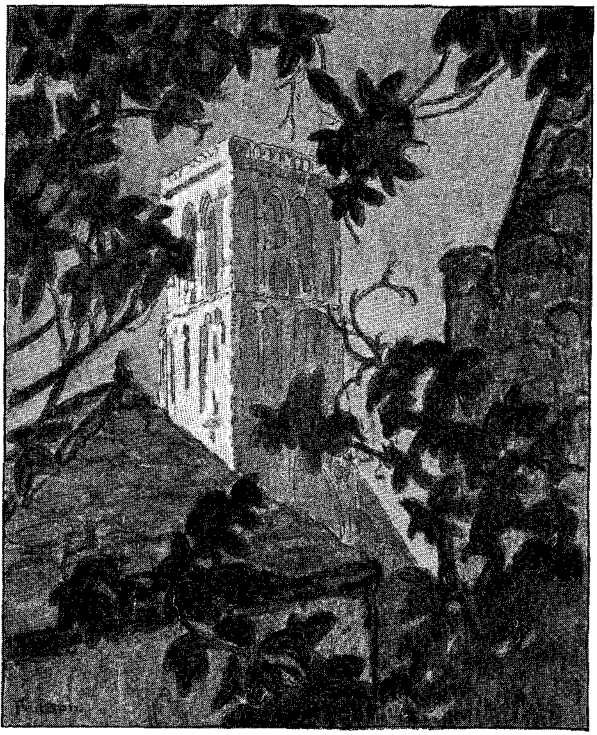
M'dame meanwhile had vanished, to appear a few minutes later at the canoe with a couple of glorious strawberries as her souvenir of our town of cave-dwellers. M'sieur does not know to this day how she got them, but he has always suspected, from their superlative sweetness, that they were the plunder of a raid.

At Blois we had forearmed ourselves for our next big town by asking the name of the best hotel in Tours. We were directed to the Hotel de l'Univers, an inn well recommended by Mr. Henry James in his "A Little Tour in France," and described by some one (I forget who) as the best hotel in France (or Europe, or the world, or perhaps—the town, I don't remember which). So it may be, for all we know, but we cannot be thankful enough that fortune lodged us in a more humble but vastly more interesting corner. At Chenonceaux two friends, met by chance, had told us they were stopping at a convent in Tours, which received a limited number of *pensionnaires*. We took the address, determined to lodge there too, if we might be admitted.

Landed in the lee of a floating bath-house and swimming school, we hastened through narrow alleys to the indicated street. We rang a bell at the side of a great gate set in a blank wall, a latch clicked, a small door swung gently ajar, and we stepped into a small outer



A DOORWAY AT CHENONCEAUX



THE TOWER OF ST. MARTIN, FROM OUR GALLERY

court. We were met by a little nun dressed all in white wool, and busily engaged on a bit of embroidery. With a very businesslike air she led us through another door into a larger court beyond, and began to point out the carved pillars and ceiling of the cloisters, and the other objects of interest which the convent afforded. Sightseers were evidently a recognized phenomenon.

Apologetically, M'sieur interrupted her descriptions—

"We would like to have a room here for a few days, if it is possible."

Without a quiver of an eyelash or a moment's pause of her needle, she shut the gates of Paradise in our faces with a laconic,

"*Pas de messieurs*—no gentlemen."

But we refused to be shut out quite so cavalierly, and began to explain that we were friends of the two American ladies who were already *pensionnaires*, and that we wanted very, very much to join them in so lovely a place. Our pleading had some effect, for, still embroidering, she went in search of some one higher in authority. In a moment she returned with another sister, an even littler woman with the most sharply crossed eyes I have ever seen, but so gently sweet and amiable and so responsive to our desire that we promptly lost our hearts. We repeated our plea as persuasively as we could.

"We would like to do it," she responded, eagerly sympathetic, "but it is not usual. Only the Mother Superior could allow it. She is in the country, at our other convent. But I will go there and ask her permission, if you will come back in two hours." Come back? Of course we would; and we did, to find her all flurried with the hurry and heat of her journey, but radiant at the success of her mission. Our room would be ready immediately.

M'sieur returned to the river for the luggage, while M'dame—

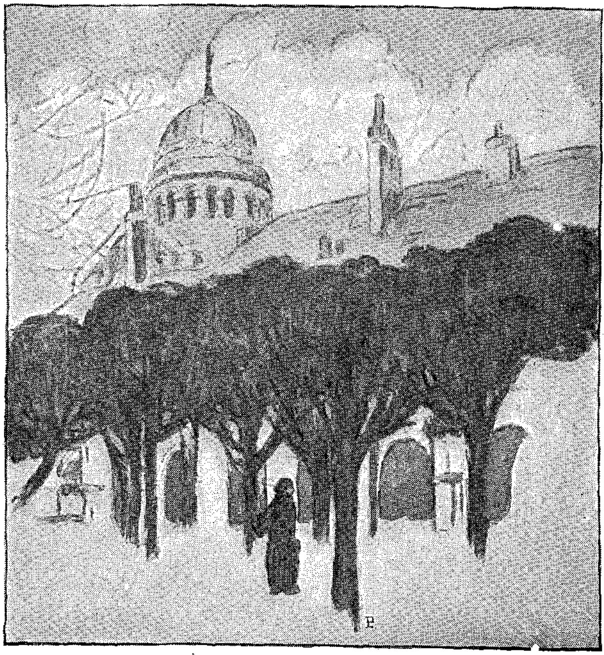
But M'sieur does not know what M'dame did—at least not so well as she, who sat in the shade of the beautiful fourteenth-century cloisters and watched the busy little sisters in their soft white robes fluttering like birds around the garden, and felt the sweet conventual peace settle down upon her like a benediction.

Presently the world, in the person of M'sieur, broke in upon this cloistered calm, and the white-robed fluttering became agitated. Evidently curiosity was not left behind in the world along with the other weaknesses of the flesh. We were told that our room was ready, and several sisters gathered to accompany us thither. It was then that our acquaintance with Sister Geraldine began. Dear Sister Geraldine, our devoted friend and servant! I wish I could draw a picture of her that would do her justice. She was a lay sister, and wore dark blue instead of the white robes of the *religieuses*, but the same wide-frilled cap framed her strong, kind face. It was the face of a woman of the people, long-nosed and wide-mouthed, but it had the clear beauty of perfect health, and the look from the warm brown eyes was infinitely sweet and tender. In physique she was a veritable Amazon, and it was evident that she was the porter of the convent.

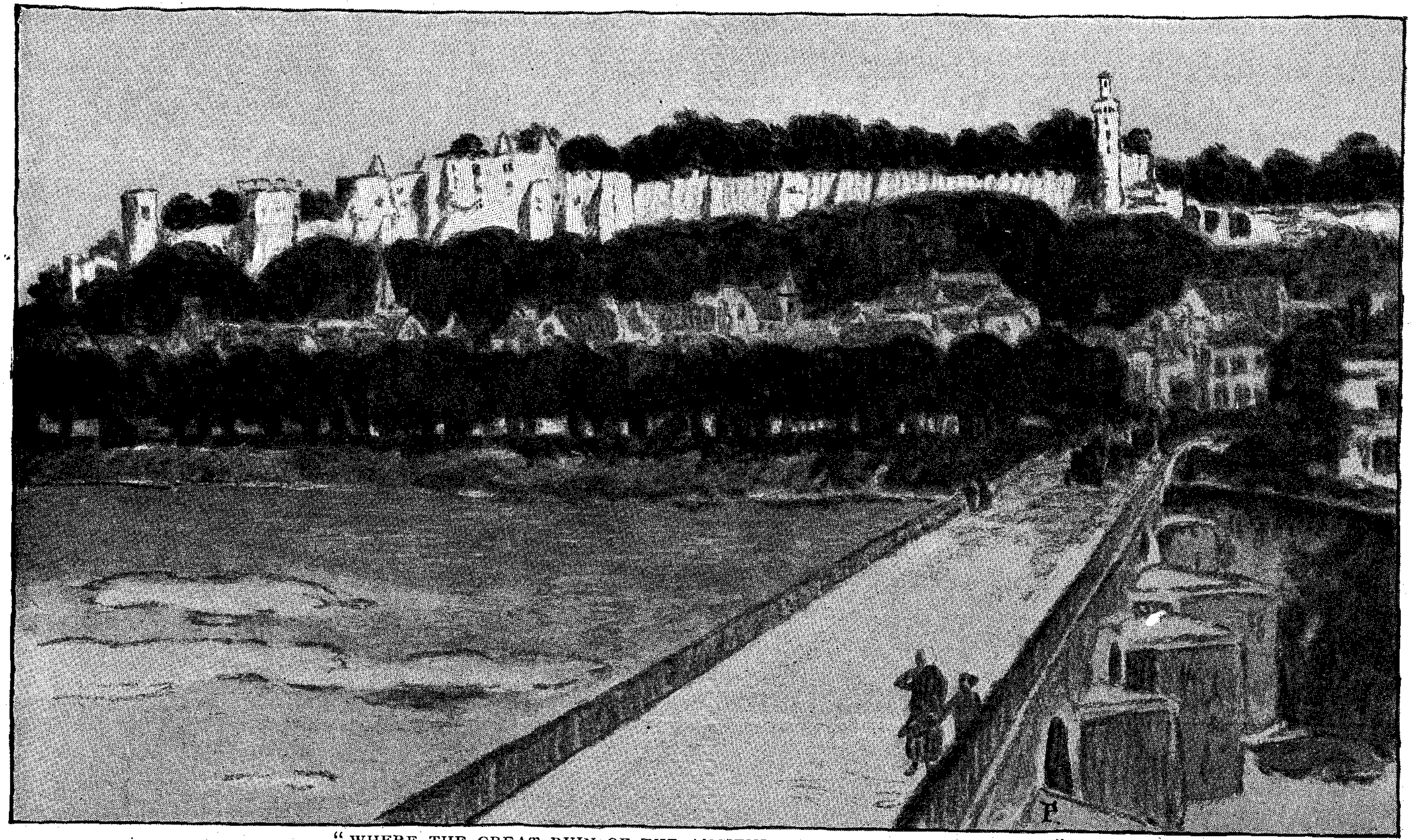
She at once made for our heavy valise, but M'sieur was before her, asserting that he would carry it. With one voice the sisters protested, while Sister Geraldine made ineffectual passes at the handle. M'sieur therewith took his stand astride the bag, his back against the wall, and returned but one answer to the anxious pleading which broke over him in waves. "The *sac* is too heavy for women," he iterated and reiterated, and finally bore the bone of contention in triumph to our room. At least five sisters escorted us, each eagerly catching up some bit of luggage. We made quite a little procession as we trailed across the large courtyard, through a door, up a flight of stairs, on tiptoe through the robing-room of the chapel, and so out into another little courtyard. In the center was a tiny garden all in bloom, and our joy was great when we found that it was practically all our own. A high wall almost separated it from another court nearly its counterpart, upon which the house occupied by the priest opened. Our own rooms (for we had two, a chamber and an antechamber!) were on the upper floor of the wing of the building which overlooked our court, and opened upon a gallery which ran around two sides. The rooms were quite bare, but spotlessly clean. On the walls were a few religious pictures and a crucifix, the polished floors were innocent of rugs, and the furniture was of the plainest. But a sense of rest settled upon our spirits as we entered, and the fresh linen sheets, woven by the sisters themselves, invited to sweet dreams.

We were welcomed by an old lay sister, to whom the room had evidently belonged before we came to turn her out. She hovered about, trying to find something else to do for our comfort, directed us to put our shoes out at night for cleaning, and, as a final service, shyly offered M'sieur one of her own beautifully laundered nightcaps, for fear of the much-dreaded *courant d'air*. M'sieur has never ceased to regret that he had not presence of mind to accept her offer in the spirit in which it was made, and wear the cap regardless of his own *amour propre* or M'dame's jeers. His regret was made more poignant the next morning, when he saw the good lay sister hurrying across the court with his boots, which he had *not* put out, secreted behind her back.

For four days we lived in the peaceful atmosphere of the convent. M'dame was forthwith adopted by Sister Geraldine, who spoiled her outrageously, and M'sieur scraped acquaintance with the priest, with whom he smoked sundry pipes in the garden and discussed canoes and the separation of Church and State. The school, which had been the main support of the convent, had been discontinued by the new law, and the sisters



IN THE CONVENT GARDEN



" WHERE THE GREAT RUIN OF THE ANCIENT FORTRESS SPREADS ITSELF " were hard put to it for their living. Hence the *pensionnaires*, and hence our good luck.

The convent stands on the site of an abbey of the fourteenth century, some of the walls of which still remained in our corner of the building. It stands, moreover, in the shadow of the two great towers which are all that remain of the great Basilica of St. Martin, built just after Charlemagne's death as a memorial to his wife, Luitgard. The new Basilica of St. Martin stands just across the Rue Descartes, and from our gallery the two old towers and the statue of the saint on the new church formed a striking group. The statue was especially impressive during the progress of a thunder-storm, when the lightning illumined it at intervals and gave it an awe-inspiring aspect of life and movement.

The next day we made an early start and visited both Azay-le-Rideau and Chinon. The former, in its present state, is worthy of very little notice. The exterior, indeed, is lovely; the Abbé Chevalier speaks of it as "perhaps the purest expression of the *belle Renaissance française*," but it is set low on the bank of the stagnant Indre, and its surroundings are unattractive and depressing. Inside it has been entirely modernized, cut up into little boxes of rooms, hideously papered. The State has recently purchased it and begun a very intelligent restoration, so future travelers may be more fortunate than we. We had *déjeuner* at the inn, and this also was a depressing experience. The house was ill kept, the service poor, and the food of the worst. It was the only poor hostelry we found in all our wanderings.

Chinon, on the other hand, was a joy. From the station we rode in a bus as far as we could, and then climbed endlessly up a steep narrow lane between cottages which clung, Heaven knows how, to the perpendicular hillside, to the summit, where the great ruin of the ancient fortress spreads itself. The vast dimensions of the place left us breathless. Wandering through the ruined walks and towers, it became quite easy to imagine an army and all the inhabitants of the little town intrenched within this mighty stronghold. It seemed a place for mighty deeds and the clash of arms, and the memory of Charles VII's ragged, dissolute court making mock of majesty was a discordant note. But into this ignoble scene steps the pure bright figure of the Maid of France, the ugly vision fades, and a radiant glory shines within the old walls.

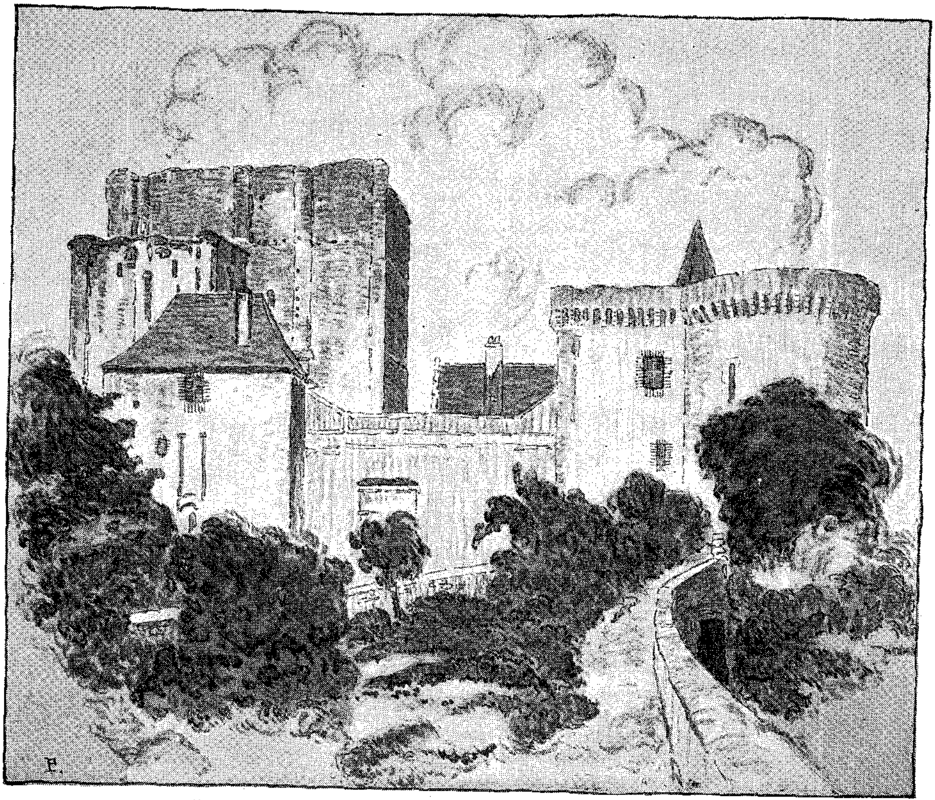
A little boy was our guide, and gravely in his clear child's French he told us what he knew of the history of Chinon. At the bottom of this well opened a secret passage from the town through which provisions were brought in time of siege. From this point another secret passage once led to the home of Agnes Sorel, the king's mistress. In this council hall (of which only the chimney and part of one wall remain) Jeanne d'Arc met the king and pleaded with him for France, and in this tower the brave child passed some weary weeks of waiting and examination before she was admitted to the royal presence.

Perhaps it was a desire to pay tribute to her sweet memory which led us to climb the crumbling stairway of her tower, to sit a while and to remember the divine inspiration and heroic courage which led her down the hard way of her self-appointed task to her cruel martyrdom. It is difficult to forgive France that monstrous act of ingratitude. The thought of the Maid stayed with us long after the great ruin was left behind.

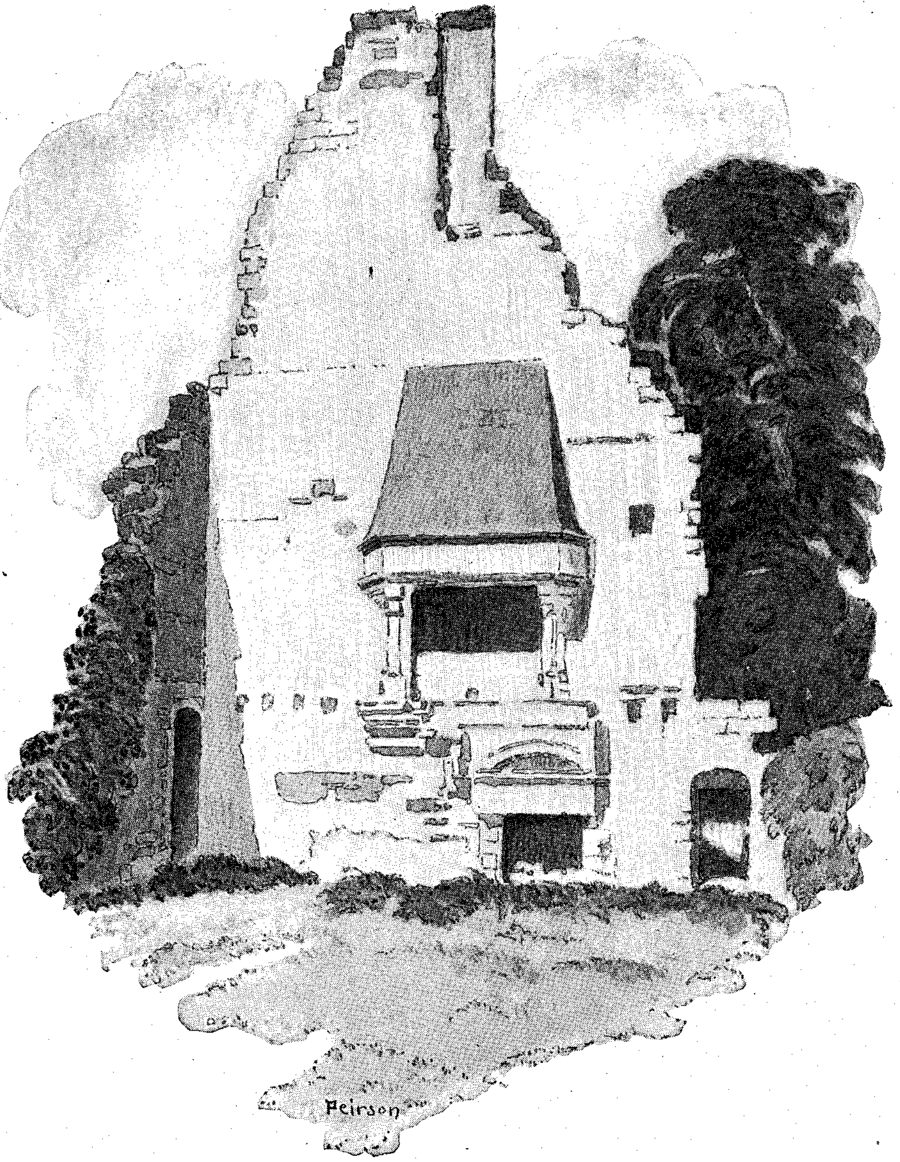
It was at Tours that Louis XI, that pious, superstitious, treacherous, clever fiend, built his castle of Plessis-les-Tours, which has been made famous in "Quentin Durward." Its destruction has been so complete, and the relics of its unsavory greatness to be found on the spot are, according to report, so uninteresting, that we did not take the trouble to cross the river to see them. But we experienced no lack of grisly reminders of that merry monarch—for we went to Loches.

Tours was the end of Gray Brother's voyage, and we regretfully left him in harbor, while we journeyed by rail. Once more M'sieur ventures to assume the rôle of guide-book maker and record the note: "The trains on French railways run on time, the carriages are clean and comfortable, and the tunnels are so constructed that you ride through them with windows wide open without being deluged with cinders and foul gases." From this it will appear that our experience with French railways was uniformly pleasant. But the best thing about them is the country through which they pass. Doubtless parts of France may be uninteresting to look upon, but doubtless we did not find them in our wanderings.

Loches, like Gaul, is divided into three parts: a church dating from the tenth century, with several unusual architectural features; the château itself, built by Charles VII and Louis XII, containing the beautiful tomb of the fair Agnes Sorel, with its inscription, more pleasing perhaps to the lover of romance than to the puritan, "a sweet and simple dove, whiter than the swans, more rosy than the flame," and the oratory of Anne de Bretagne, a little apartment glorified by some wonderful carving, which is happily unspoiled by restoration; and three or four ruined towers, in the depths of which remain the terrible dungeons where Louis XI vented his spite on luckless foes, when he got hold of them, and luckless friends, when he wearied of them or began to suspect them. The dungeons, unlike many to be found in other mediæval castles, have every appearance of reality. In a square cell a hundred feet below ground the walls, half-revealed by the flickering lantern of the guide, are covered with reminiscences of the sojourn there of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, called Il Moro. A little square, carved in the rock, marks the only spot reached by the daylight, struggling through the minute slit in the fourteen-foot wall. Rude frescos, among which appears twice a portrait, in heroic size, of a man in a helmet, give a hint of how the prisoner in exile passed his time. That the portraits represent attempts at the delineation of his



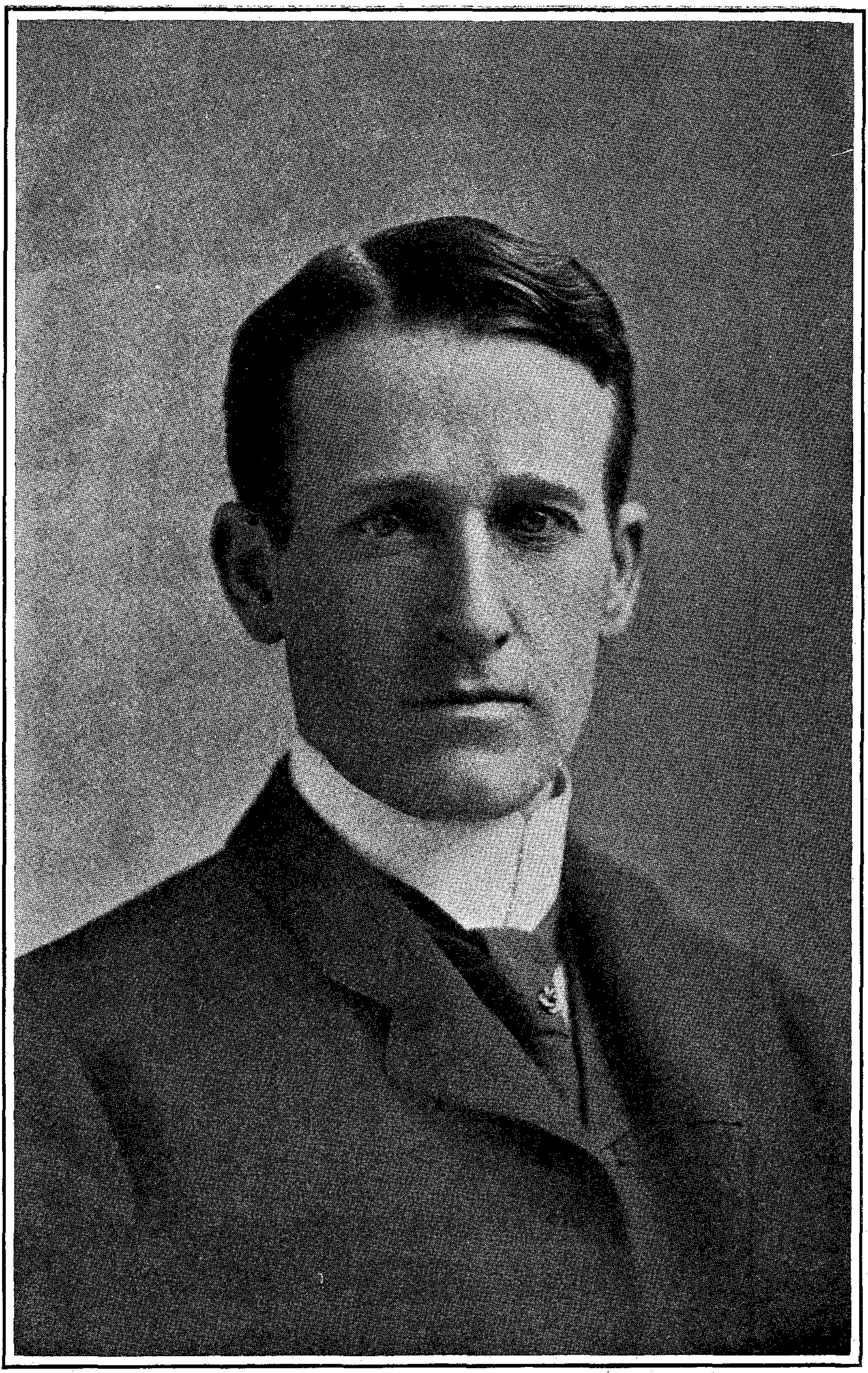
"THREE OR FOUR RUINED TOWERS, IN THE DEPTHS OF WHICH REMAIN THE TERRIBLE DUNGEONS"



“IN THIS COUNCIL HALL . . . JEANNE D’ARC MET THE KING”

own countenance is a tradition, if not true, at least *ben trovato*. The Cell of the Bishops, still deeper in the earth, has in its wall a rough carving of an altar and a cross. The deep holes beneath the window slit, worn by the captives in their struggles to gain a precarious foothold for one glimpse of the day, are a vivid reminder of the most awful aspect of this subterranean imprisonment. The gruesomeness of the dungeons is relieved only by the matter-of-fact manner in which the task of showing *les oubliettes* is divided among the members of the custodian’s family, with an eye to multiplied gratuities.

Our last day in Tours and in Touraine was spent in getting Gray Brother ready for his long journey home, and in a brief visit to the Cathedral. Then we turned our faces toward Brittany for a voyage with another Gray Brother, if we could find one, though of a less docile and



HERBERT S. HADLEY

Attorney-General of Missouri

THE PEOPLE HIS CLIENTS

BY H. J. HASKELL

THE public is accustomed to regard the technicalities of the law as the peculiar weapon of corporation attorneys. That Herbert S. Hadley, the young Attorney-General of Missouri, has employed them on behalf of the people has made him the presumptive nominee of his party for the Governorship of his State.

This quality of his service, which merely means good ability exercised under the antiquated legal procedure of the United States, has appeared most conspicuously in his fight with the railways crossing Missouri. For many years these corporations dominated the politics of the State. No measure which they opposed could become a law. They maintained a highly efficient lobby at Jefferson City, to which most of the other important corporations of the State were forced to contribute. Recalcitrant interests were brought into line by the simple expedient of the sand-bagging bill.

Meanwhile farmers and other shippers complained of excessive freight rates. There was an elective board of Railway Commissioners, with authority to correct abuses. But elective boards—undemocratic devices of ostensible friends of democracy—rarely make trouble for big interests that are active in politics. Nothing was done.

Then came the reform wave in Missouri that carried into office Joseph W. Folk and a majority of honest legislators. Impatient at the inaction of the Railway Commissioners, the Legislature attempted hastily to regulate freight rates by law. Through a Federal court the railways enjoined its enforcement. As Attorney-General, Mr. Hadley fought for the people—his clients, as he is fond of calling them—and fought hard. But the statute was still tied up in the courts two years later, when the next Legislature assembled. A new freight-rate law which he drafted, based on the information procured in this legal contest, was made inoperative by injunction.

When a two-cent-fare bill came up, the Attorney-General had a suggestion. He knew that in an Alabama toll-road case the United States Supreme Court had held that a Federal circuit court could not enjoin the enforcement of a State's criminal law. So he drafted a section making a violation of the passenger-rate law a misdemeanor. By this device he hoped to have it adjudged a criminal statute.

But the railway attorneys felt confident that the plan would fail. When the day came for the law to take effect, they assembled in Kansas City and invoked the protection of the United States Circuit Court against confiscation of property. The Attorney-General was on hand with figures from the railways' own reports to show that most of them already were hauling passengers—including those riding free—for two cents a mile or less. Moreover, he had embarrassing evidence from the old freight-rate case introduced by the railways to show that the cost of passenger business was proportionately small and that most of the expense came from transporting freight. But the eminent attorneys opposed to him confidently appealed for the guaranty of the Fourteenth Amendment, and it was generally believed from the remarks of the judge that the temporary injunction would be granted. Then Mr. Hadley arose.

"Your Honor," he said, "if the railroads in the Federal court enjoin the enforcement of a criminal law of Missouri, I shall go into the Supreme Court of this State with quo warranto proceedings to ask by what right they transact business here and refuse to obey the State's criminal laws. And on that question the circuit courts of the United States have no jurisdiction to stop me."

The effect on the opposing attorneys was almost ludicrous. They had been lolling back at ease. At the words "quo warranto" they woke up with a violent start. One who had been gazing abstractedly through a window almost leaped from his seat. The others jumped bolt upright, one with his jaw dropped. Later they admitted privately that they knew Hadley could make good his threat and that he had the nerve to do it.

An adjournment was taken over Sunday. Monday morning they spent in a perspiring conference with the Attorney-General.

"You can go ahead with your inter-State commerce," he told them, "but if you refuse to give this law a fair trial you will run your trains through Missouri with locked doors. A militia guard will see to that detail if necessary. And if you attempt to do business within the State at three cents a mile, your local officers will be arrested in every county your roads run through."

Tactics analogous to these had often been used by the gentlemen with whom he was dealing. But they were not accustomed to such resourcefulness on the part of the lawyers of the people. For a time they struggled with the Attorney-General. Then they yielded. Would he compromise? Certainly he would if they would agree to give the law a fair trial. He had no desire to confiscate property, but he believed they would find that a two-cent rate allowed fair compensation. A three months' trial he thought would convince them.

When court convened that afternoon, the spokesman for the railway attorneys assured the judge that while they regarded the proposed rate as confiscatory, nevertheless they were public-spirited enough to sacrifice their feelings and their clients' property in order to establish the fact beyond doubt. Therefore they suggested that the court give the law a trial for ninety days. So the order was made. At the expiration of the three months the railways continued to sell tickets through Missouri at two cents a mile. Should the rate be made permanent, the State would have the fertility and courage of its Attorney-General to thank.

Mr. Hadley was both nominated and elected Attorney-General by accident. Born in Kansas in 1872, he was graduated from the State University and from the law school of Northwestern University. He began to practice law in Kansas City, and went into politics because, as he once explained, he "thought that the quickest way for a young lawyer to gain a practice." A fortunate split in the Democratic party in the county elected him prosecuting attorney on the Republican ticket. His record was good, but on a return to normal conditions he was defeated for re-election, and then, as he expressed it, he decided to make himself immune from any danger of further office-seeking by becoming an attorney for the street railway company.

At the Republican State Convention in 1904 the supposedly empty honor of the nomination for the Attorney-Generalship was not eagerly sought by prominent lawyers. A Kansas City delegate, under instructions from his chairman to get up and "nominate somebody," began one of the customary "man-who" speeches, with nobody particularly in mind. At the close he decided, as he told afterwards, that Hadley fitted his description better than some others. So he named him. The modest salary of the office was less than the young lawyer was drawing from the street railway, and he had a family to support. But his friends persuaded him, against his will, to make the race, as it would mean only a brief interruption of his work for the canvass. To the astonishment of the Missouri candidates, however, the popularity of President Roosevelt carried through the Republican State ticket, with the exception of the nominee for Governor, whom Mr. Folk defeated.

Though he had fought Mr. Folk vigorously throughout the canvass as the head of the rival ticket, Mr. Hadley at once gave the Governor hearty co-operation in his work for better government. When Republicans in the Legislature were disposed for party reasons to fight salutary measures introduced at the instance of the Democratic Executive, it was the Attorney-General who induced them to take a larger view. This independent attitude, stamping him as belonging to the new school of politics, has been one of his finest services to the State.

His most important achievement, aside from his work in the railway cases and in helping to obtain the enactment of several important laws, has been in connection with his fight to force the Standard Oil Company to obey the statutes of Missouri. This contest not only exposed and drove out of business one oil company that was fraudulently posing as a competitor of the Standard, but it furnished the Federal Government much of the information on which it has based its recent important proceeding against the Standard Oil Company as a trust. Such a complete revelation of the Company's methods had never been made in any court.

The Attorney-General stumbled on the case while in other work. In a legislative hearing on terminal charges in St Louis the manager of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company happened to testify that the Standard had no agency in that city. Mr. Hadley remarked to him that that was odd. The manager thought not, but he failed to convince his questioner. A few days later the Attorney-General discovered that the Waters-Pierce Company was not represented in Kansas City. He learned also that the Republic Oil Company, which was everywhere soliciting trade on the ground that it was "fighting the trust," had head offices at 75 New Street, New York. This address he found was the rear entrance to the Standard Oil building, No. 26 Broadway.

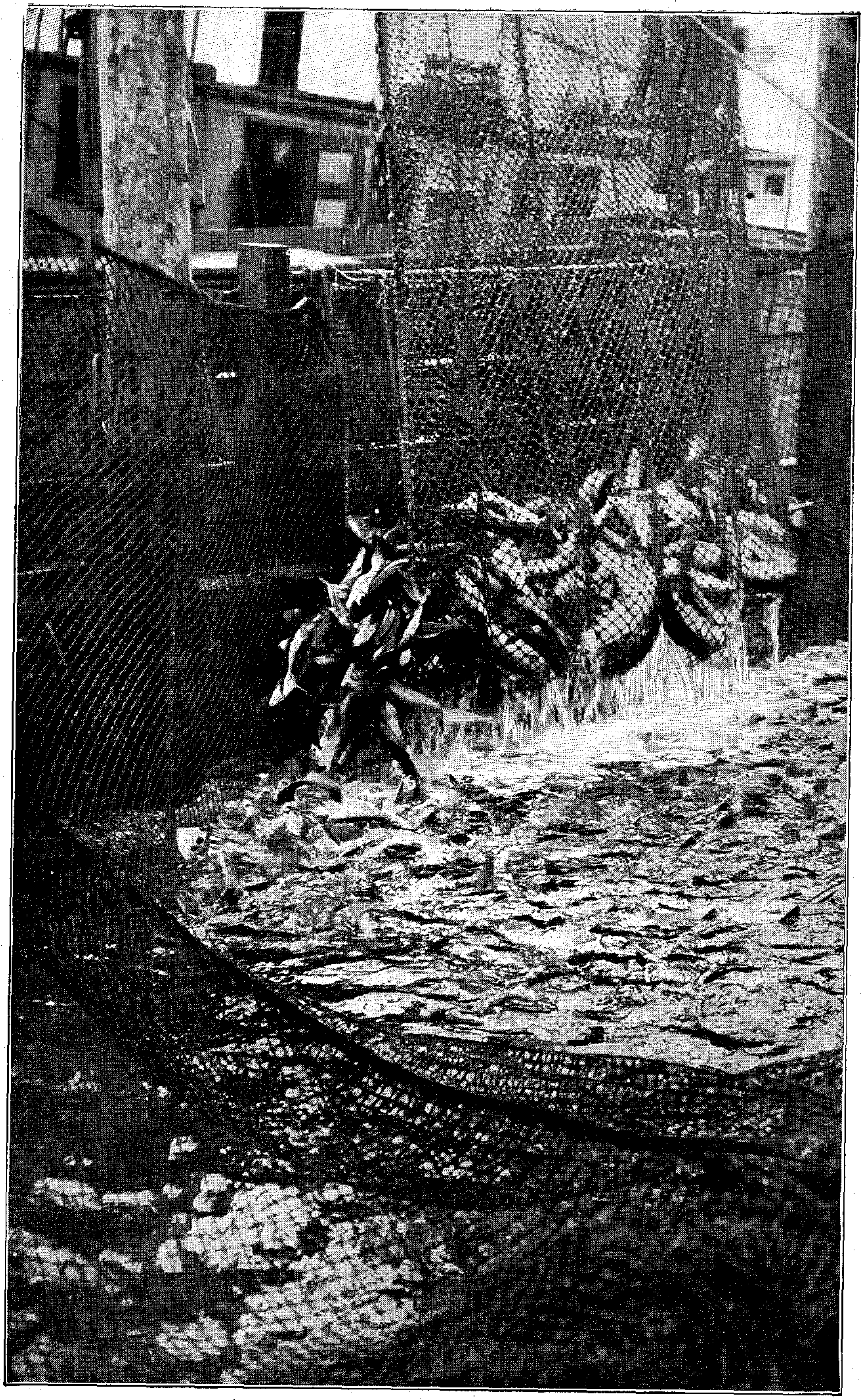
The proceedings that he instituted put the "fake" company out of business and prevented the Standard Oil Company and the Waters-Pierce Company from arbitrarily apportioning the State for trade without regard for the convenience of their customers. If his work did not reduce the price of oil, at least it had the salutary effect of demonstrating that huge corporations could be compelled to obey the law.

Mr. Hadley habitually insists that he is no politician, but solely a lawyer. Any conflicts with corporate interests, he contends, are merely incidental to his duty to his clients, the people. It is inferred that, with no sacrifice of principle, he might enter the employ of a corporation at the expiration of his term. He has not proclaimed himself a man with a "mission." But while he regards the law as his profession, he is frankly interested in politics.

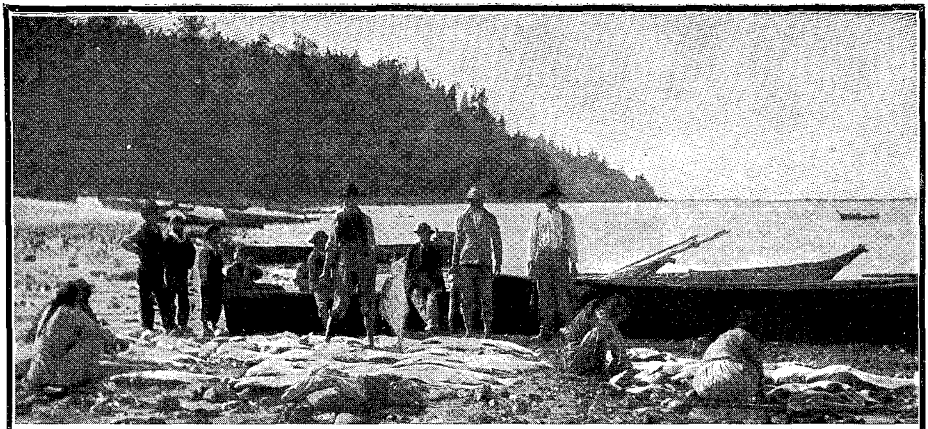
"Why is it, Hadley," a Standard Oil attorney is quoted as asking him, "that you always take the public into your confidence? Why not handle this litigation without a blare of trumpets?"

And the Attorney-General is said to have replied: "Every lawyer imparts the fullest information to his clients. He wants the man who hired him to know all about the case. The public is the client of the Attorney-General's office."

All of which is quite true. At the same time it shows an instinct quite akin to the politician's understanding of the value of publicity. This full information which has been imparted to the client of the Attorney-General's office—this blare of trumpets, if you please—in view of the results obtained, is what has assured to him, if he will accept, the next Republican nomination for Governor of Missouri.



BAILING OUT A SALMON TRAP



HALIBUT CAUGHT IN ALASKA DURING THE WINTER AND SOLD IN NEW YORK

HOW THE EAST GOES A-FISHING IN THE WEST

BY BERTHA H. SMITH

THE Boston housewife would almost as soon be without ancestors as to think of buying any but Penobscot salmon. The New York hotel-keeper would as soon confess to the use of canned vegetables in spring as to offer any but Atlantic halibut. Any French restaurateur would swear by all his *sacre-bleus* that the only sardines are those caught in the net of a Mediterranean fisherman. And as for cod—why, George's and Grand Banks are household words.

And far be it from the Eastern fish dealer to disturb any of the fondly cherished traditions of his patrons. But yonder on the Pacific coast there are men who boast, and can back their boast with figures, that more than ninety per cent of the fresh salmon sold in Eastern markets is caught in the salmon rivers of the Pacific; that at least eighty per cent of the halibut used on the Atlantic coast is caught between Puget Sound and Bering Sea; that sardines packed on the California coast are used in every city of size in the United States; and as for cod, from two to three thousand tons of Alaskan cod go out of Gloucester every year.

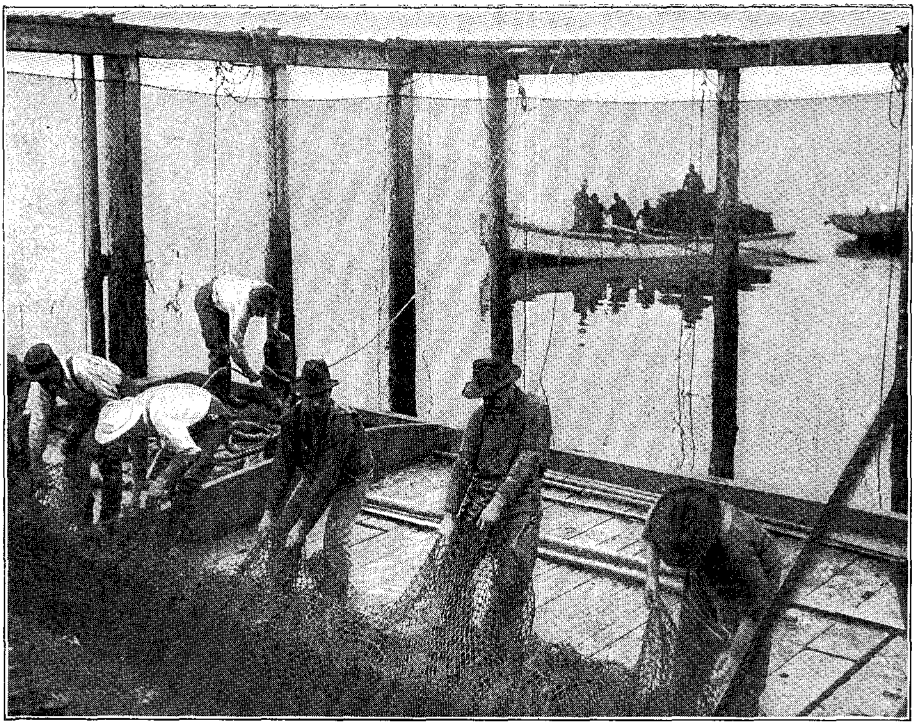
The Pacific coast has long been looked to for the world's supply of canned salmon, and the annual catch of the cannery-men is more than one hundred thousand tons. Canneries line the coast from the Columbia River to Alaska, which now makes the market on the canned product. The value placed on this product for a single year, in the Government reports, exceeds by two million dollars the price paid by the United States for Alaska, where fish ranks second only to gold among the natural resources yet developed. In the Northwest States fish is second to lumber now, though the salmon canneries were practically the sole support of this territory until the men and the money came to develop the forests and farming lands. Three and a half million cases of canned salmon are the average yearly output of the Northwest coast during the past ten years, which means more than a hundred thousand tons of fresh fish.

Yet within the past few years there has been a steady decrease in the output, in spite of a very considerable increase in facilities for catching and handling the fish. This has given rise in some quarters to grave fears regarding the depletion of the salmon supply, and has caused much-needed and none-too-early activity looking toward the better protection and artificial propagation of this valuable fish. But investigation proves that the decrease is not due wholly to the years of relentless pursuit of the salmon and much wanton waste, but to a diversion of vast quantities of the fish from the canneries to the fresh fish markets. The system of cold storage and refrigerator cars which has eliminated seasons, which puts strawberries, green peas, and asparagus into northern markets while blizzards are yet raging over their farms and gardens, has made a year-round market in the East for this fish that runs in Atlantic waters only from June to August.

Time was when the New England coast ran so plentifully with salmon that, it is told, apprentices and servants demanded a written agreement from their masters that they be not fed on salmon more than twice a week. But the dammed rivers of the Maine timber lands and the dye-polluted streams of the factory States no longer offer spawning-grounds for salmon, which has become so scarce that the entire catch in New England would not supply half the demand of Boston alone. Though this condition has existed for many years, the Boston fish dealer labels his salmon "Penobscot," not only from June to August, but from August to June again, for he would never dare admit that most of his fish is caught three thousand miles from the New England coast.

With the demand for fresh salmon at all seasons there has grown also a demand for mild-cured and sweet-pickled salmon, not only in Eastern but in European markets. For these purposes tons of fish are used that formerly went into cans. Only the largest and finest Chinook, the famous King salmon of the Columbia and Sacramento Rivers, are used for mild-curing, which is a process of preserving them in mild brine to retain all the juice and flavor of the fresh fish until they reach their destination, where they are freshened and smoked. The demand came first from Germany, where smoked salmon is the favorite delicacy in beer gardens and railway stations. And many a Baedeker-conducted tourist would have the keen edge of his delight in this typical German dish dulled if he knew that it had

THE POT OF A SALMON TRAP



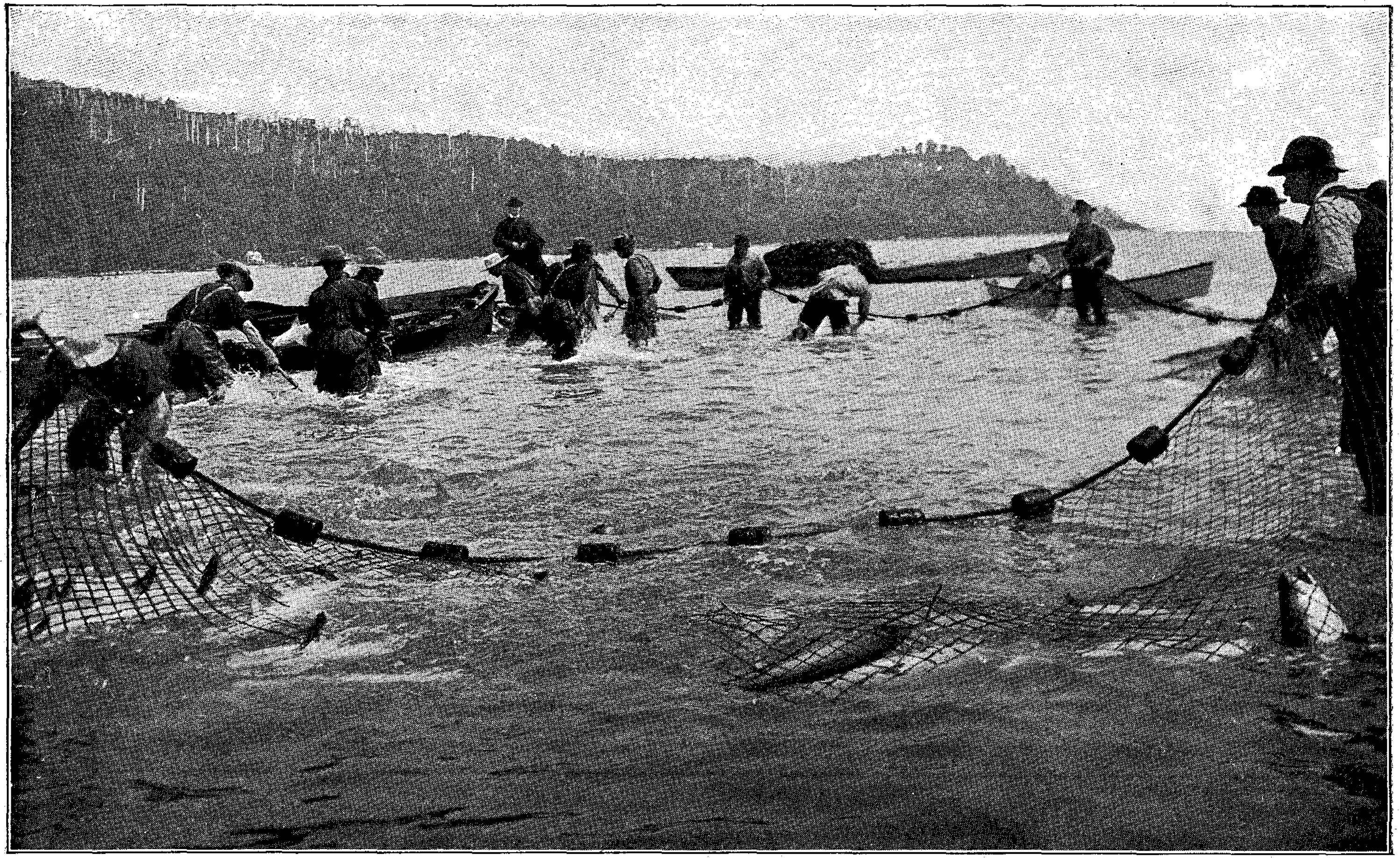
SALMON TRAP CREW
Taking up slack in the spiller

traveled across the ocean in the hold of the very steamer on which he sailed. The American market now requires large quantities of this mild-cured salmon, and from fifteen to twenty-five thousand tierces of a thousand pounds each are shipped annually from Columbia and Sacramento River points.

The cold-storage process of preserving salmon in sugar and salt has been superseded to a great extent by freezing the fresh fish. Steelheads and silver salmon, which run through the fall and winter months, are used chiefly for this purpose. They are brought on barges from the traps that picket every salmon river for miles and stop the up-stream flight toward the spawning-grounds, or by grill-netters who, to cheat the traps, risk their very lives at the bars where rivers meet the sea. Weighed in by the packers, and carefully washed, they are taken to the storage-rooms, where the temperature is always below freezing-point, and dipped in water, which forms a coating of ice upon them. They are then stacked in cords, like so much wood, until time for shipment, when they are wrapped separately in paper, packed in ice, and loaded in refrigerator cars. The annual shipments of frozen salmon to the East and to Europe from Puget Sound are not less than five million pounds.

But, important as the shipment of fresh salmon has become, it stands second to the halibut industry. The halibut catch in the Pacific last season was about forty million pounds, of which twenty-five million pounds went to Eastern markets.

That the Atlantic has been fished out of halibut and cod is a statement that one sometimes hears from Western fisherfolk who have not lately stood on the old T-wharf at Gloucester when the fishing fleet came in, or on a big market day. But the drain of more than two hundred years has been felt, and for the ever-growing demand of ever-growing cities, whose people refuse to be governed by seasons, the catch of the North Atlantic is inadequate. And since cold storage has become a practical science and refrigerator cars a known quantity—at least to the initiated—and since railways make



THE ROUND-UP, AFTER SEINING FOR SALMON ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER

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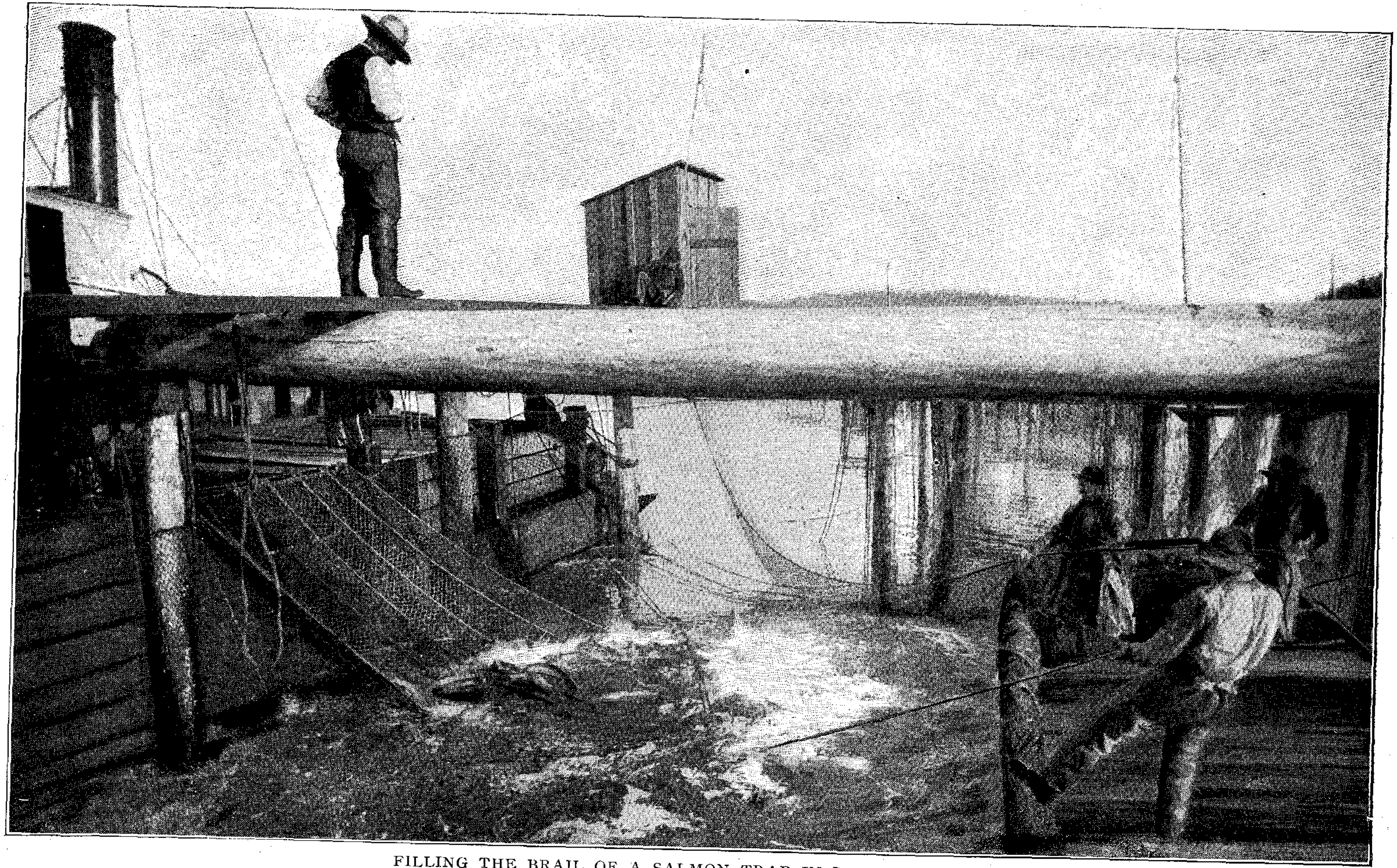
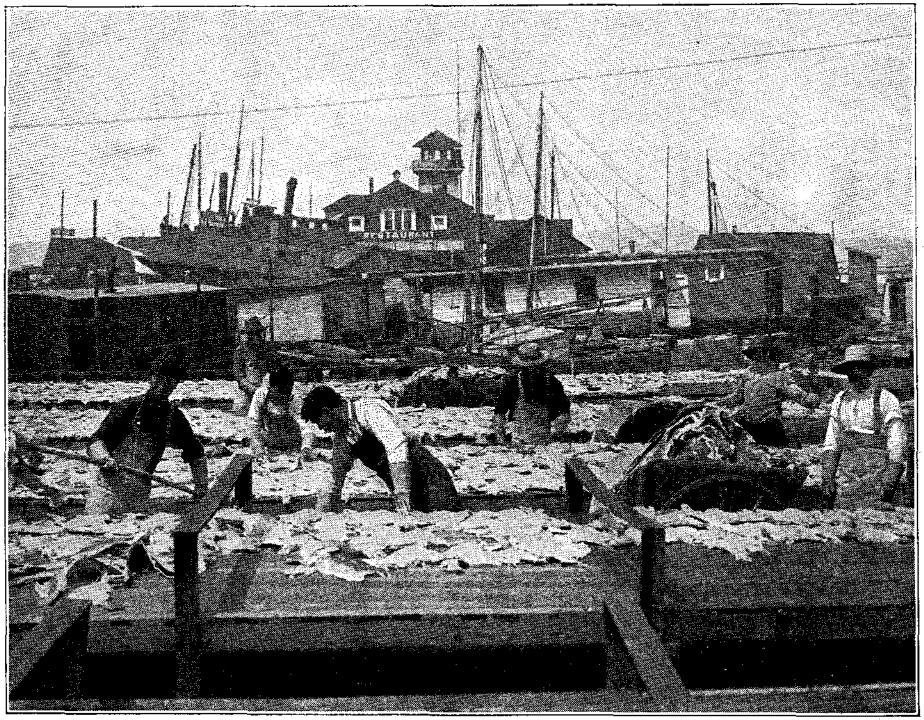


FILLING THE BRAIL OF A SALMON TRAP IN PUGET SOUND fast time and fair rates from coast to coast, the wasting shoals of the Pacific are being brought to supply the deficiency of the Atlantic.

It was a Gloucester man, seal-hunting in the Northwest, who found the Pacific so full of halibut going to waste that he saw in his mind a home and an easy old age for every Gloucester man who would go West. Word was passed among the Gloucester fisher-folk of the wealth of these new halibut banks, and no gold fever ever raged more fiercely than the *Wanderlust* that caused Gloucester fishermen to sell or give away their boats, or even be thankful for a gale that wrecked the schooner they could neither leave behind nor take along—anything to cut loose and fare to this new country.

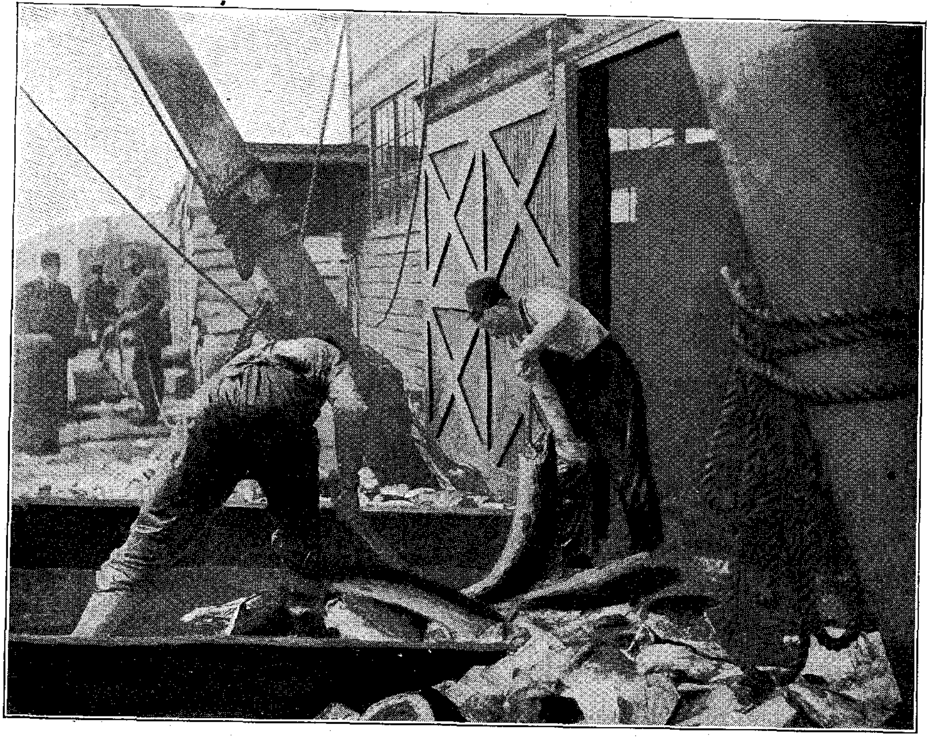


DRYING COD AT SEATTLE

These fish will be shipped to Gloucester, Massachusetts, and sold from there

But that was in the days when the West was sparsely settled, when transportation to other markets was slow and rates high, and many a Gloucester man lived to long for a boat wrecked on the Newfoundland rocks or sold for a railway ticket. In the early nineties an- halibut in Eastern markets, went from East to West to experiment on a larger scale. They chartered several boats, made big catches, but still the venture did not pay. Not until the end of that decade had the time come, or the men, who were to make the halibut industry on the Pacific coast a success. These, too, were Gloucester and Boston men, sons and grandsons of the "captains courageous" of the North Atlantic, who had played as barefoot boys around T-wharf and the Gloucester markets, who grew up with the smell of fish in their nostrils and the lingo of fishermen in their ears; and they knew not only how fish are caught, but how they are bought and sold. Since that time the halibut fleet out of Boston has had to change sails for steam, and otherwise spend money and thought to land halibut in Boston or Gloucester in the same time that it can be put there from the Pacific. Less than six days is the time made from Tacoma and Seattle to Gloucester, the fish being shipped in refrigerator cars attached to on an average ten days from port, and as the out trip requires from two to four days, according to the distance beyond Cape Flattery at which a school of fish is located, the fish is not more than ten or twelve days out of the Pacific before it is in the stalls of a Chicago, Boston, or New York fish market.

In 1897 the largest of these halibut shippers, located in Tacoma, shipped two or three cars a month. Now the same company ships an average of a car-load a day during the busiest months, and other shipments from Seattle and Vancouver increase this to fifty car-loads a month. At first a prejudice existed in the minds of Eastern consumers against this Western fish, and the price obtained for it was only about half the price of Atlantic halibut. But within the past three years this prejudice has been overcome, and to-day the average difference through the year is not more than ten to twenty per cent, and that only because of the vast quantity shipped, which during the best months is too great to justify the asking of fancy figures.



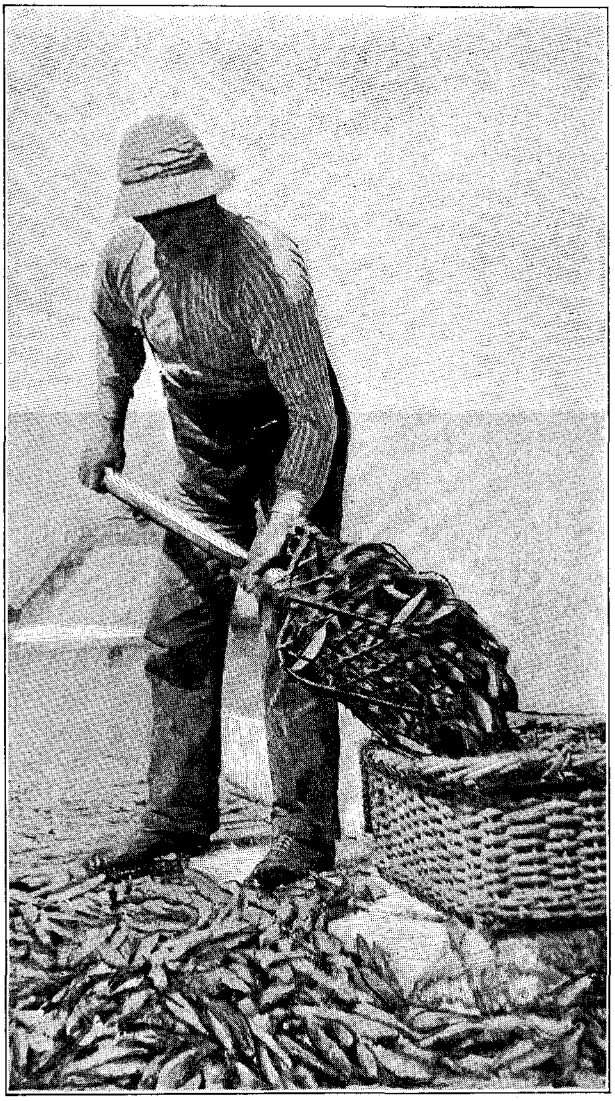
PACIFIC HALIBUT LANDED AT TACOMA

Within twelve hours they are shipped to the Eastern markets

One advantage of the Western halibut fishers is that the banks, which stretch for fifteen hundred miles up the coast, are fairly sheltered, while the Atlantic fleet has run into an ice pack as late as June. In summer the Puget Sound steamers seldom need to go far outside the Straits of San Juan de Fuca before the butter on the sounding-line gives the sign that makes the captain order the dories overboard, and often a good day's fishing means a holdful of fish. But as autumn brings rough weather off Cape Flattery, the boats go farther north, and by midwinter the steamers lie by and the fishing is done by Indians and others off the Alaska coast, the fish being shipped in ice from regular stations at Juneau, Petersburg, and Wrangel on freight steamers.

Always as the halibut are slung from the dories to the decks of the fishing steamers they are cleaned, so that on being unloaded at the dock on Puget Sound they are packed in ice and trucked direct from the dock to the cars side-tracked outside the warehouse, and within twelve hours from the time the boat comes in they are on their way East.

From the success of the halibut and salmon shippers, some Eastern cod dealers took courage to cast their lot and their lines in the Pacific. For many years the Western market has been supplied with cod caught along the Alaskan coast, the bulk of it being handled at San Francisco. These newcomers, however, located on Puget Sound, with the Gloucester market in their minds. Bad seasons on the Grand Banks have afforded them a market there for twenty-five hundred to three thousand tons of fish. The greatest drawback to this industry in the Northwest has been the absolute lack of facilities for making cartons or other packages for cod in its various commercial forms. In San Francisco this difficulty has been met, but on Puget Sound there is not to-day a machine for making cartons at a price that cod men can pay and offer their product in competition with Eastern cod under their own labels. For this reason they have been compelled to send it to Gloucester, and let it go from there as Grand Banks cod.



UNLOADING SARDINES AT SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

The Middle West is their natural market, but they are helpless with the cost of packages almost as much as the market price of the fish.

As yet the teeming cod banks of the Pacific and of Bering Sea, which can be fished throughout the winter months, are scarcely touched, the five or six thousand tons taken annually being no more than a drop from a hogshead.

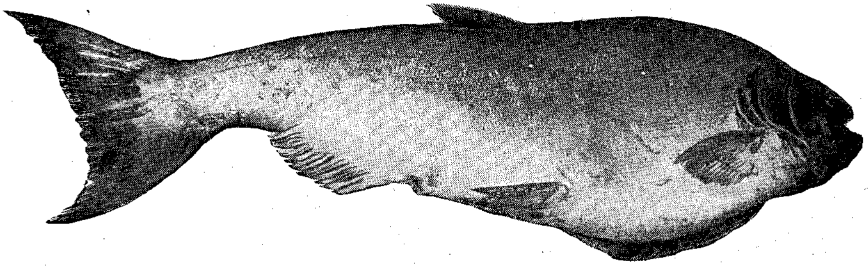
While the development of the Pacific coast fisheries has been phenomenal during the past fifteen years, the possibilities have an interest as piquant and quite as romantic as the search for gold. To quote one of the fresh-fish shippers of the Northwest:

"We know what exists from Goldfield to Seward in the way of gold; but no one can conceive of the vast untouched supply of fish in the Pacific. The opportunities surpass everything the Northwest offers, with the possible exception of lumber.

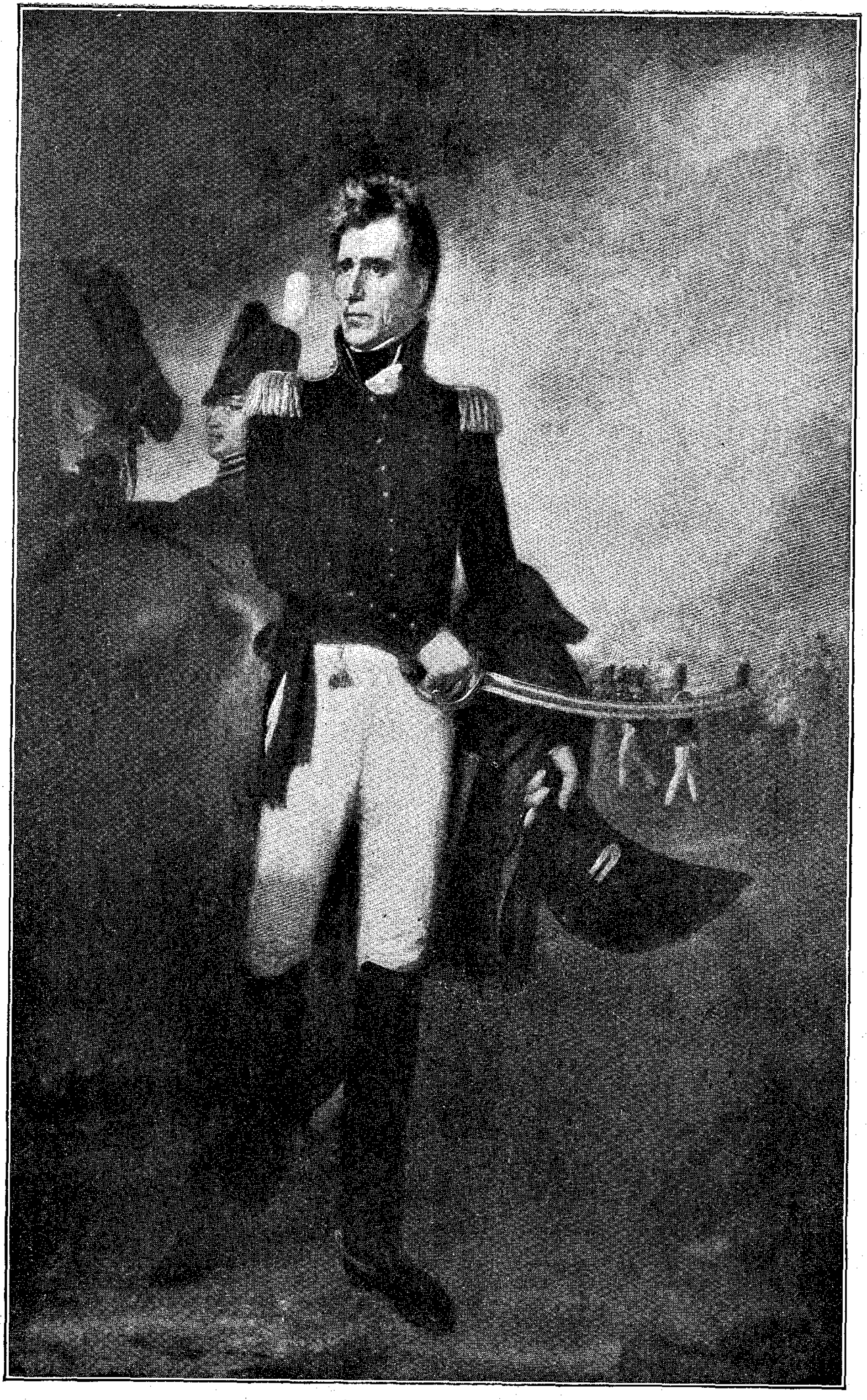
"With the care now being taken, though tardily, to perpetuate the salmon supply by artificial propagation, this fish may be counted on indefinitely. Halibut abounds, and only a limited part of its haunts have been disturbed. The cod supply has been barely touched. Millions of barrels of herring as fine as any in the world, often weighing a pound, are wasted, except the few used as bait for halibut and some thousands of barrels converted into oil and fertilizer by a concern in Alaska. Yet herring is the chief fish food of the poorer classes, and more of it is sold than of any other pickled fish, and here at our door is the Orient buying its herring in Europe. Red snapper is so plentiful that on one trip of our halibut boat sixty thousand pounds were destroyed because we were not prepared to handle them.

"In fact, there is everything of fish kind, from sardines to whales. Two canneries in California are at work on the sardines, but the whales are left alone to prey upon the smaller fish."

Great as may seem the sins of commission in the manner of developing these natural resources, to the thrifty Yankee the Westerner's sins of omission must appear greater still. At every cannery and packing-house thousands and thousands of tons of fish-cleanings are thrown back into the sea that by any one but a wasteful Westerner would be converted into fertilizer, for which there is great demand. Elsewhere cod livers are saved for their oil, fish skins and bones for making glue, sounds of certain fish for isinglass, and still other parts for cough troches and innumerable other by-products. But the West is yet young in the fish business, and, in spite of the warning of the other coast, the seemingly inexhaustible supply has precluded all thought of economy.



COLUMBIA RIVER CHINOOK SALMON



ANDREW JACKSON
From a painting by John Vanderlyn in the Council Chamber, New York City Hall

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THIRD PAPER

ANDREW JACKSON AND THE ACQUISITION OF FLORIDA

IN all the steps whereby the American people extended their dominion from sea to sea, the element of inevitability is never so clearly discernible as in the acquisition of Florida. Desirable before, possession of Florida became essential to the welfare of the Nation from the moment of the Louisiana Purchase. Its geographical situation gave it command over the marine highway between the old and the new sections of the United States, and in alien hands it thus constituted not merely an unwelcome break in the continuity of the coast-line, but a possible menace to American shipping and commerce. There was always the danger, too, and a danger which speedily proved very real, that in time of war it might be utilized by a foreign power as a base for military operations. Its owner, Spain, was notoriously weak, as had been amply demonstrated by Napoleon's course in the matter of Louisiana; and it was more than doubtful whether she could enforce the neutrality of her distant province against any power whatsoever. For the same reason, it was to be feared that if the United States did not acquire Florida for herself, ownership might pass to a country stronger than Spain and by so much the more undesirable as a neighbor.

There were also minor but still cogent considerations urging immediate effort to extend American sovereignty to the peninsula. It was watered, in part, by navigable streams affording American settlers a Gulf outlet for their products, and experience had shown that so long as Spain retained control of these streams their navigation would be impeded. Again, notwithstanding Spain's centuries of occupation, no successful attempt at colonization and settlement had been made, and, outside of a few scattered and paltry garrison towns, Florida was almost wholly given over to the wilderness and the savage, and was infested by a motley population of Indians, fugitive slaves, pirates, and outlaws of every sort, who waged a vindictive warfare against the frontier inhabitants of Louisiana and Georgia. This also, in the case of the Indians at any rate, despite the fact that Spain had by treaty solemnly pledged herself to repress hostile outbreaks against the border folk. To tell the truth, she was not strong enough to keep her obligation; but her failure to do so only brought home more forcibly to the American Government the necessity of terminating a state of affairs that promised to grow constantly more dangerous to the peace and well-being of the Republic. Indeed, as developed in the course of our study of the Louisiana Purchase, so early as 1790 a formal proposition was framed for the purchase of Florida, and it was Florida rather than Louisiana that was kept steadily in view throughout the negotiations which ended so happily in 1803. Immediately thereafter the question of the acquisition of Florida was raised anew, to remain unsettled, however, until fifteen years later the fearless patriotism of one of the greatest of Americans forced it to an issue in accord with the will and necessity of the Nation.

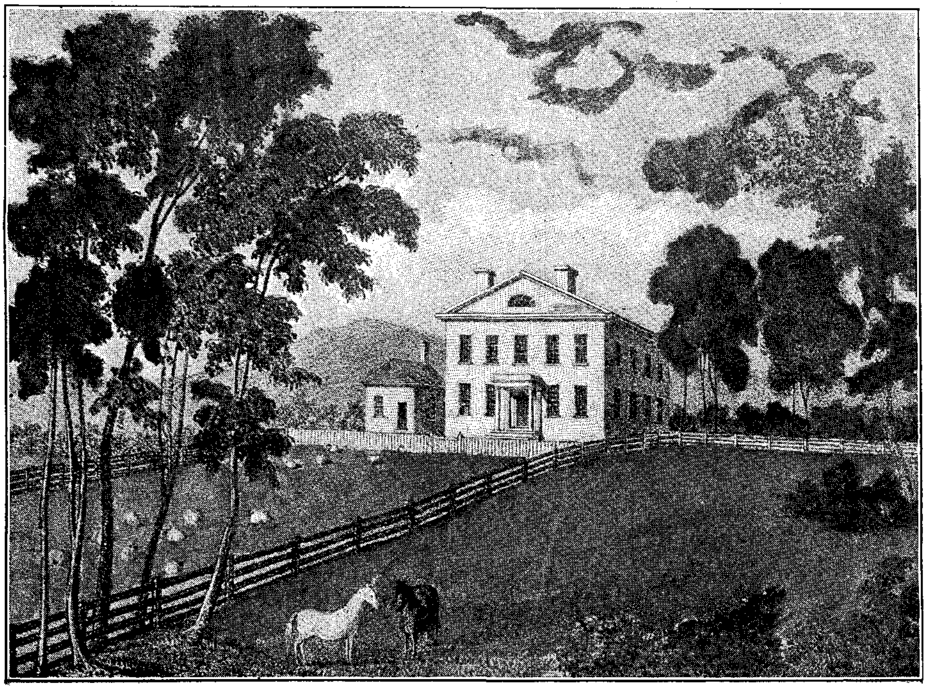
At the outset, it must be said, the United States committed a tactical blunder quite sufficient to account for the difficulty experienced in securing Spain's consent to part with her peninsular possession. Ever since 1763 Florida had been divided into two parts—East Florida, including all of the peninsula and westward along the Gulf coast to the Apalachicola River, and West Florida, continuing along the coast from the Apalachicola to the Mississippi. Previous to that time, while the French were in possession of Louisiana, that part of West Florida lying between the rivers Perdido and Mississippi was recognized as a portion of Louisiana, not of Florida, with which it was incorporated only after France had ceded Louisiana to Spain, and Spain in turn had transferred Florida to England. Now, the Louisiana Purchase Treaty had not defined the bounds of the territory handed over to the United States by France—or rather by Napoleon—but it had described that territory as "the colony or province of Louisiana with the same extent that it has now in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it, and such as it should be after the treaties subsequently entered into between Spain and other States." Obviously, this amazingly vague description left ample scope for argument with respect to that portion of West Florida which had once belonged unquestionably to Louisiana, and now seemed to be as unquestionably part of Florida; but the United States, instead of endeavoring to arrive at an understanding with Spain, to which England had in 1783 re-transferred Florida, took it for granted that Louisiana actually extended eastward to the Perdido, and, albeit Spain was then in active occupation of the country between the Mississippi and the Perdido, in 1804 passed the so-called Mobile Act organizing that region for customs purposes and adding it to the Mississippi Territory.

Already stung to the quick by the high-handed manner in which Napoleon had disposed of Louisiana, Spain was instant to resent this step. Her Minister at Washington, the Marquis Casa d'Yrujo, penned a burning letter of remonstrance to Madison, who was then Secretary of State, and in a trice there began a bitter controversy which speedily involved France as well as Spain and the United States. But it is not necessary here to examine the details of this dispute or the merits of the question at issue. The point is that the immediate effect was to render Spain deaf to all overtures looking to a settlement on the basis of purchase, and when, some months later, Monroe arrived in Madrid eager to add to his Louisiana laurels by effecting a similarly satisfactory transaction with the Spanish Government, he was not long in discovering that he might well have spared himself the journey. It must be noted, too, that in the United States itself feeling ran high, and, as in the days antedating the Louisiana purchase, there was talk of invasion and conquest. Hope was still cherished, nevertheless, by President Jefferson and his advisers that money, not war, would suffice for the winning of Florida; and to that end, though with considerable difficulty, Congress was persuaded, in the winter of 1805–6, to pass a bill appropriating two million dollars for negotiations with foreign powers, it being understood that the appropriation was made with a view to the purchase of Florida.

But again diplomacy proved barren of result, this time for the twofold reason that Spain was still in a state of excessive irritation, and was also confident that the European situation had become such as to preclude any attempt to oust her from Florida by force. Shortly, too, relations between the two countries were abruptly and involuntarily interrupted by the outbreak of the bloody revolution that was to mark the beginning of the end of Napoleonic despotism. In this way the *status quo*, so far as concerned Florida, continued unchanged until 1810, when there began a series of events that brought to the United States a lively sense of the necessity of taking firmer action than hitherto, and that should have aroused Spain to a realization of the wisdom of relinquishing Florida while there was still time to drive a favorable bargain.

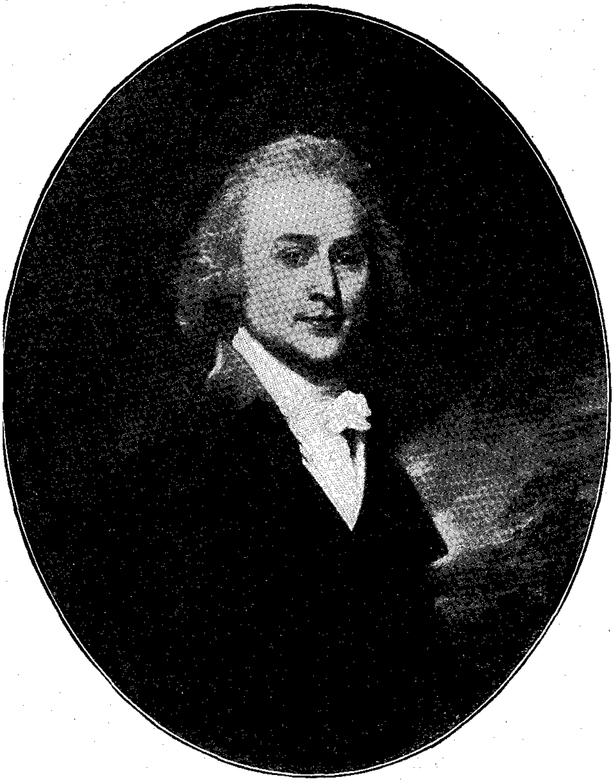
The first of these events was an insurrection in West Florida. Taking advantage of the distressful condition of Spain, and infected by the revolutionary spirit that had already plunged the South American provinces into anarchy, a party of turbulent West Floridians, mostly fugitives from the justice of other lands, banded themselves together to throw off the Spanish yoke, and with little difficulty took by storm the fort at Baton Rouge. Their next move, after declaring a free and independent government, was to offer to turn the province over to the United States for a substantial consideration. Madison, who had now succeeded Jefferson in the Presidency, replied to this offer promptly, though not in the way the revolutionists had anticipated. Declaring, in a proclamation of October 27, 1810, that there had been far too much delay in adjusting the conflicting claims of the United States and Spain, he directed Governor Claiborne, of Orleans Territory, to take immediate possession of all the country from the Mississippi to the Perdido, and to govern it as part of his own Territory, with the understanding, however, "that in the hands of the United States it will not cease to be a subject of fair and friendly negotiation and adjustment."

For this action Madison was bitterly criticised at the time, and has been even more bitterly criticised since. But, apart from the question of his possible usurpation of the legislative power, the course he adopted was in reality the only course open to him consistent with safeguarding the interests of his country. It was evident that Spanish authority in West Florida had given place to a lawless and irresponsible government, which it was impossible to recognize, and the continuance of which it was equally impossible to endure; it was also clear that Spain was in no position to restore order; and it was apparent, again, that warrant for American intervention could be found in the still unsettled claim, based on the Louisiana Purchase Treaty, that all of West Florida between the Mississippi and the Perdido was actually American territory. Madison's policy, in short, was a policy dictated by the necessities of self-defense, not by sheer greed for land, as is alleged by those who delight in depicting the



THE HERMITAGE, JACKSON'S HOME IN HIS LATER YEARS

From an old lithograph by Pendleton



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

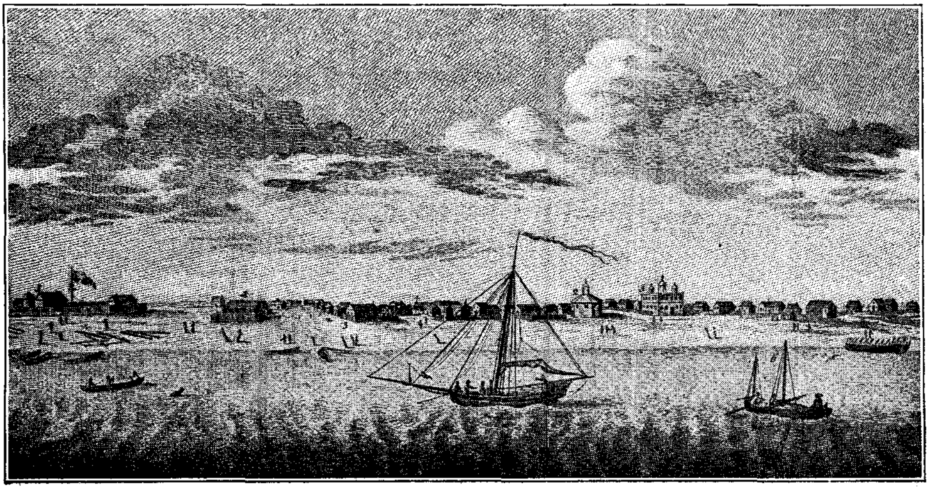
United States' attitude to Spain, with respect to Florida, as that of a bandit intent on plunder. Similarly with the subsequent temporary occupation of Amelia Island, off the Atlantic coast of East Florida, though here there is some real ground for criticism in the manner in which the occupation was effected. And in the same justifiable principle of self-defense will be found the true historical explanation of the step taken a year or so later by the man to whom, above all others, must be given the credit of bringing Spain to reason.

This was Andrew Jackson, as yet little known outside his own State of Tennessee, whither he had come from the Carolinas in 1788 as a young man of the humblest birth, without money and without friends, his sole reliance native wit and native courage. Making his home at Nashville, when it was still a crude border settlement bounded by pathless forests, he had plunged with ardor into the task, not only of gaining a livelihood, but of bettering the community in which he had elected to dwell. His first occupation, that of district attorney, proved his mettle, for in those days a district attorney had to take his life in his hands, such was the lawlessness rampant in the frontier country. At Indian fighting, too, he showed himself utterly devoid of fear. And if, as was only too apparent, he displayed in his conduct with his fellows an acrimony and bluntness of speech, an over-readiness to take offense, and an uncompromising assertiveness, these were defects readily condoned in one of such manifest honesty, integrity, straightforwardness, and daring. Thus it happened that within an incredibly short time Jackson had become one of the most popular as well as one of the most respected citizens of Tennessee, and, almost as a matter of course, gravitated into politics, serving for a brief space in both Houses of Congress. But, finding himself out of his element in Washington, and longing for the free, open, and ultra-democratic life of the

Western country, he had speedily resigned, and hastened home to preside over the Supreme Court of Tennessee, to gain election as Major-General of the State militia, and to engage in business. As judge, as soldier, and as business man he had steadily augmented his reputation until his brother Tennesseans fairly came to idolize him. Their ideals, they plainly saw, were his ideals, their interests his. Like them, he held an abiding faith in the possibilities and future of the land in which they lived; like them, he felt the instinct for growth and expansion; and—what is most important in the present connection—like them he would brush aside, with fiery impatience, all that might hamper expression of that instinct.

Such was the man—imperious, impetuous, masterful, and passionate, protagonist *par excellence* of the spirit of the early West—who by virtue of his rank in the Tennessee militia took command, in the opening days of 1813, of a formidable force of sturdy frontiersmen, "called out for the defense of the lower country." Two years earlier, anticipating the outbreak of war with England and recognizing the possibility of Florida being occupied by the enemy for hostile purposes, Congress had authorized the President to take temporary possession of any part or all of that Spanish province "in the event of an attempt to occupy the said territory, or any part thereof, by any foreign power." Now that war had actually arrived, Madison was determined that the contingency of foreign occupation should not arise. To this end had Jackson's army been created, an army of which Jackson himself wrote enthusiastically: "They go at our country's call to do the will of the Government. No constitutional scruples trouble them. Nay, they will rejoice at the opportunity of placing the American eagle on the ramparts of Mobile, Pensacola, and Fort St. Augustine." As luck would have it, however, the Congress of 1813 was of a different temper from the Congress of 1811, and refused to support Madison in the projected occupation, the consequence being that Jackson and his men, without having accomplished anything, were forced to march home and leave the enemy free to utilize Florida at will.

Out of this freedom flowed momentous results to Jackson and to the Nation. In the late autumn of that same year, instigated by English emissaries and armed from an English fleet, the Creek Indians took the war-path against the American settlers of the extreme South. The length and breadth of the border they harried, finally consummating, on August 30, the ghastly Fort Mims massacre, when out of five hundred and fifty refugees in a pioneer stockade four hundred perished. Burning for vengeance, Jackson and his Tennesseans flew to

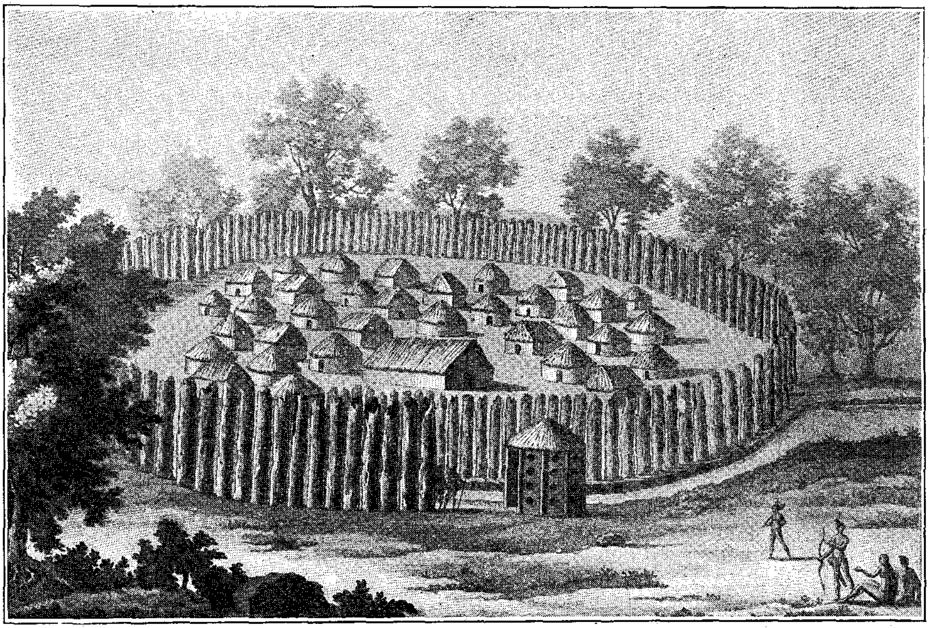


VIEW OF PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

From an old [illegible]

arms, and now began a war within a war, and a war of extermination. All through the winter it raged and on until the spring, when, after the fearful battle of the Horseshoe, the stricken Creeks, all but annihilated, were glad to sue for peace. Then followed a brief rest for Jackson, but exceedingly brief. His splendid campaigning had won him the appointment of Major-General in the United States army to succeed "Tippecanoe" Harrison, who had resigned, and summer found him in the field again, this time in supreme command of the military department of the South.

Always chafing under the lost opportunity to raise the American flag in Florida, and doubly embittered by the knowledge that England had profited thereby, almost his first move was to write to the Secretary of War for permission to invade the peninsula. No reply coming, and news reaching him that an English force had landed at Pensacola, the capital of West Florida, he resolved, with characteristic recklessness, to delay no longer. But before he could make a beginning the English themselves assumed the aggressive, sailing from Pensacola to Mobile, whence they were soon compelled to sail again in less magnificent array. Eager to pursue, Jackson awaited only the arrival of reinforcements, and when these came, twenty-five hundred strong, from his beloved Tennessee, he was up and off. Marching across country, with the tempestuous celerity that had already begun to attract the attention of the entire country, he appeared before Pensacola three days after his departure from Mobile, served on the Spanish Governor a summary demand for surrender, and followed this up by an assault that forced speedy capitulation. In Fort Barrancas, near by, he found a small English garrison, but this escaped him, pausing in its flight only long enough to destroy the fort. Less than a week later he was back in Mobile, passing thence by leisurely stages to New Orleans and the battle that won him an enduring place among the heroes of American history.

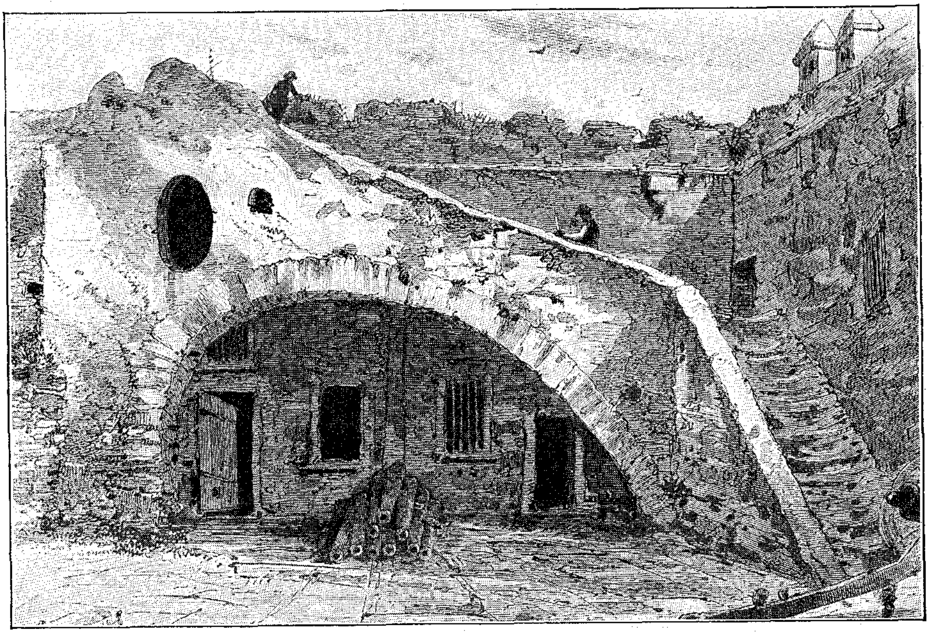


A STRONGHOLD OF THE SEMINOLE INDIANS

From a lithograph published in 1825

What had been theoretically asserted by the President and by Congress had been translated into action by Andrew Jackson. The United States was not at war with Spain; Florida was the territory of a supposedly friendly power; yet its soil had been invaded, its flag trampled in the dust, its people attacked. Nor could Spain with justice complain. Willingly or unwillingly, she had committed flagrant breaches of neutrality. She had permitted English troops to garrison her forts, English fleets to rendezvous in her harbors, and English officers to enlist within her borders savage allies against England's foes. It mattered not that she had been too weak to oppose effectively the English occupation; this fact alone should have convinced her, as it had fully convinced the United States, that the sooner she let go of Florida the better. Nevertheless, order having been re-established at home and with order a resumption of diplomatic relations with America, she added Jackson's operations to the category of wrongs inflicted on her, and resumed her old course of tortuous and procrastinating diplomacy. To persuade her of the folly of this course required another concrete demonstration of the lengths to which the United States was prepared to go if self-defense demanded, and again the needed lesson was read by Andrew Jackson.

The end of the war had by no means marked the end of English influence in Florida. English officers, and especially a Colonel Nicholls, commandant of the garrison that Jackson had expelled from Fort Barrancas, lingered in the peninsula even after peace had been declared, and spent much of their time in exciting the Florida Indians, the Seminoles, to renewed hostilities against the border settlers. Nicholls, in fact, went so far as to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance between England and the Indians, rebuild and equip an old fort on the Apalachicola, and demand in the name of the Indians a surrender of the lands ceded to the United States by the Creeks as the price of peace. After his departure for England, in the vain hope of securing from his Government official approval of these acts, the fort on the Apalachicola was seized by a number of fugitive slaves from Georgia and converted into a piratical stronghold of the worst description. Using it as a base, they ravaged the country for miles across the border, destroying the property of their former masters, stealing horses and cattle, rescuing criminals, and killing all who resisted them. No doubt they could find some justification for their acts in the principle of retaliation, for



INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S CASTLE

From an old wood engraving

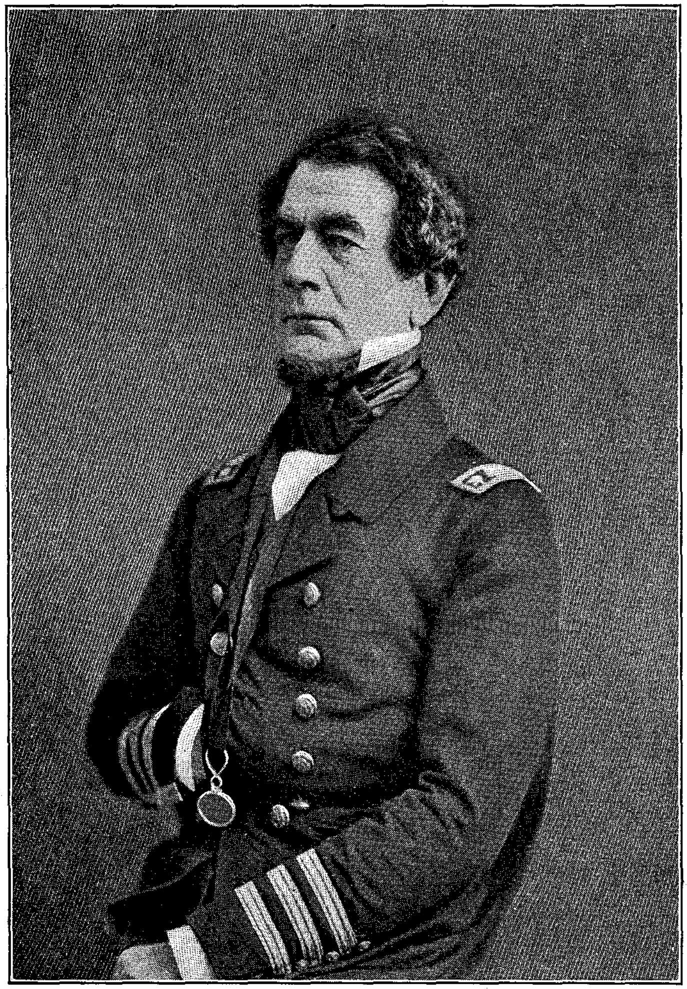
the Georgians themselves were not models of law and order; but their brigandage and rapine soon became unendurable, and at the direction of the Secretary of War a message was sent by Jackson to the Governor of Pensacola demanding immediate action against them.

With this demand the Governor was either unwilling or unable to comply, and at once the wrathful Jackson resolved to act on his own account. "I have no doubt," he wrote to General Gaines, who was then building stockades and block-houses in the adjacent territory ceded by the Creeks, "that this fort has been established by some villains for the purpose of murder, rapine, and plunder, and that it ought to be blown up regardless of the ground it stands on. If you have come to the same conclusion, destroy it and restore the stolen negroes to their rightful owners." It so happened that Gaines had ordered from New Orleans some supplies that would have to be carried past "Negro Fort," as it was popularly called; and he now instructed one of his officers, Colonel Clinch, to proceed down the Apalachicola with a body of troops and level the fort to the ground at the first sign of an attack on the transports. Coming down the river, Clinch fell in with a party of Seminoles who had their own grievances against the negroes, and he promptly pressed them into service and hurried on to the fort, near which he found the supply expedition. Excuse for hostilities was ready at hand in the fact that a boat's crew, landing for water, had lost four men in an attack by the negroes. Forthwith Clinch demanded the surrender of the fort, and, obtaining in reply a defiant blast of cannonading, opened fire from a gunboat convoying the transports. The first few shots did little damage, but victory came with amazing and shocking swiftness. In the fort's magazine some seven hundred barrels of gunpowder were stored, and a red-hot ball striking this caused an explosion that ended "Negro Fort" for all time, and cost the lives of almost all its defenders. No fewer than two hundred and seventy men, women, and children found an instant death, while of those still living, after the smoke had cleared away, only a pitiful minority endured the torments of their wounds. It must be added, also, that at least two of the miserable survivors were handed over to the Indians to be cruelly tortured so long as a spark of life remained in their mutilated bodies—an apt illustration of the truth that the inhumanity of those barbarous years of border warfare was by no means confined to the enemies of the United States.

MAJOR-GENERAL EDMUND P. GAINES

This fearful tragedy was but the opening act in the second Jacksonian invasion of Florida. Fresh grounds for complaint against the Spanish authorities soon developed in a renewal of hostilities by the Seminoles, the climax coming when, in revenge for the burning of a native village by American troops, the savages ambushed and massacred nearly fifty soldiers and settlers *en route* up the Apalachicola. At news of this, the War Department sent orders to Jackson to raise a large force, take command in person, and spare no efforts to bring about a lasting peace. But before these orders reached him, Jackson himself had addressed to Monroe, then President, a letter seething with indignation. It would be well, he declared, to seize the whole of East Florida and hold it "as indemnity for the outrages of

Spain upon the property of our citizens." This he felt certain could be done "without implicating the government." And, in conclusion, he roundly asserted: "Let it be signified to me through any channel (say Mr. J. Rhea) that the possession of the Floridas would be desirable to the United States, and in sixty days it will be accomplished." What reply, if any, was made to this letter will probably never be known. According to Monroe, he received it during an attack of illness, laid it away, forgot all about it, and did not even read it until after the war had come to an end. Jackson maintained, to the contrary, that the President had actually instructed Mr. Rhea (a Congressman from Tennessee) to write saying that his plan was approved, and that Rhea's reply was received by him before he crossed the border. Whatever the truth, across the border he went, in March, 1818, at the head of an army of about three thousand, including a thousand of his veteran Tennesseans and rather less than a thousand friendly Indians.



CAPTAIN ISAAC McKEEVER

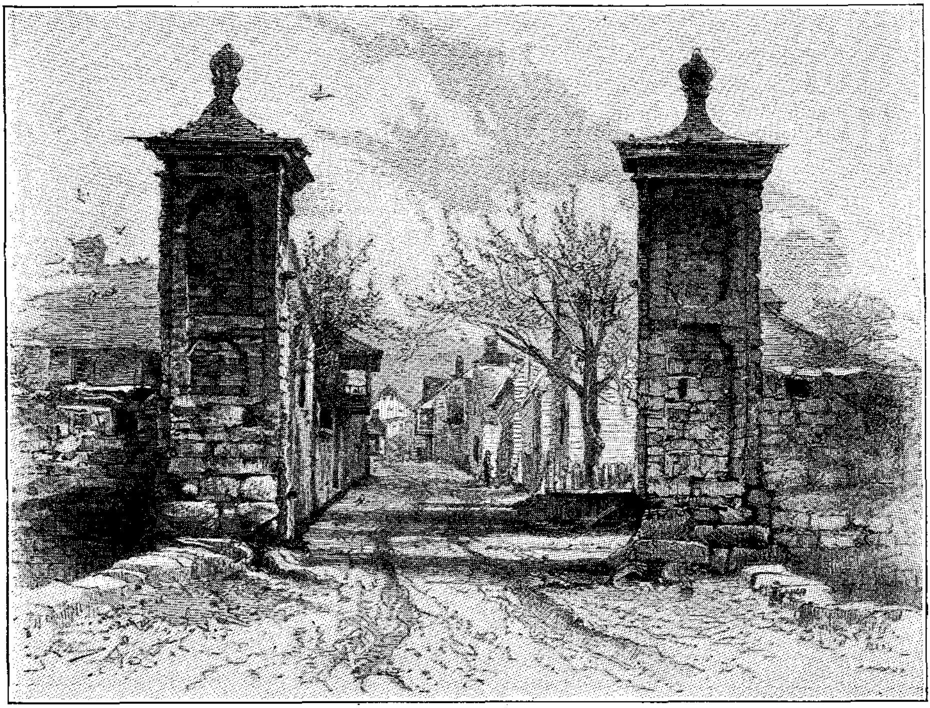
There were to be no half-way measures now. Writing to Captain McKeever, commissioned to co-operate with him by sea, Jackson designated St. Mark's as the first point of attack, instructed McKeever to meet him there, and significantly added: "You will . . . capture and make prisoners all, or every person, or description of persons, white, red, or black, with all their goods, chattels, and effects, together with all crafts, vessels, or means of transportation by water. . . . Any of the subjects of His Catholic Majesty sailing to St. Mark's may be permitted freely to enter the said river. But none to pass out, unless after an examination it may be made to appear that they have not been attached to or in any wise aided and abetted our common enemy." The meaning of this language was plain enough. To blockade Spanish ports, to seize Spanish property, and to make prisoners of Spanish subjects—such was Jackson's programme. Incidentally, he proposed capturing, if possible, certain Englishmen at whose door he laid the chief responsibility for the present Indian rising, and who, he had reason to believe, were then at St. Mark's, together with two Indian chieftains who had proved especially malevolent.

To St. Mark's, then, he hastened, as did McKeever, the latter scrupling not to sail into the bay under the English flag, and by this disgraceful ruse lure aboard the chieftains for whose lives Jackson thirsted. Jackson's own course was openness itself. Frankly informing the Spanish commandant that so long as the struggle with the Indians lasted it was necessary to occupy St. Mark's with American troops, he marched his men into the town, hauled down the Spanish flag, and raised in its stead the Stars and Stripes. No damage was done to person or property, and only one prisoner taken—a Scotchman, Alexander Arbuthnot, an aged Indian trader who was suspected of having intrigued against American interests. Next day, without so much as the semblance of a trial, McKeever's native captives were hanged, a fate which they doubtless richly deserved; and a start was made at once for the Indian stronghold of Suwanee, far to the east and in the midst of swamps accounted impassable. A week of arduous marching and the goal was reached, too late, however, to surprise the Indians, who had taken hurried flight, warned by a note that Arbuthnot had despatched to his son, also a trader. The town destroyed, back went Jackson to St. Mark's, taking with him as prisoner an Englishman, Robert Ambrister, a gentleman of family but not of the best of reputations, who by mischance wandered into the American camp.

At St. Mark's once more, not a moment was lost in placing Arbuthnot and Ambrister on trial for their lives. "It is all-important," Jackson had written McKeever, "that these men should be captured and made examples of," and the failure of the expedition to Suwanee had not disposed him to modify in any way the merciless course mapped out in that letter. Arbuthnot stood charged with inciting the Indians to war against the United States, supplying them with munitions of war, and acting as a spy; Ambrister was accused of personally making war against the United States, and aiding the enemies of the United States. There was no particularly strong evidence against either, yet the court martial that tried them sentenced both to death, Arbuthnot to be hanged, Ambrister to be shot. In Ambrister's case the sentence was afterwards commuted by the court martial to flogging and a year's imprisonment, but Jackson, who seemed for the moment to have given way completely to the violence of his passions, ordered the original sentence to be carried into effect. Thus two British subjects perished, on the soil of a friendly Power, and at the arbitrary command of an armed representative of a third Power, with which both the others were supposed to be at peace.

Now word was brought to the still unappeased Jackson that a large number of Indians, said to be more than five hundred in all, had sought refuge at Pensacola, and were receiving asylum there. Foaming with rage, he detached from his main body a mixed force of regulars and Tennesseeans, and set off to the West Floridian capital as fast as his troops could march. Nor did he halt on receipt of a letter from the Spanish Governor protesting in the name of the King of Spain against his invasion of that monarch's territory, and threatening to expel him unless he withdrew at once. His only reply was to urge his men to greater speed. Arrived at Pensacola, whence the Governor fled precipitately to Fort Barrancas, he mastered that town as easily as he had mastered St. Mark's, ran up the American flag, and quickly forced the surrender of Barrancas with the Governor and three hundred Spanish troops. All Florida now lay at his mercy, prostrate and helpless; but, contenting himself with leaving garrisons in the captured forts, he recrossed the border in a few days with the bulk of his army, confident that what he had already accomplished would be quite sufficient to bring Spain to terms.

He was hardly prepared for the storm that at once burst about his head. Not only in England, Spain, and European countries generally was he denounced as a bandit, a murderer, and a high-handed violator of the laws of nations, but in his own country he found himself the target for unrestrained abuse. It mattered not that the public at large applauded his actions and sang his praises as a true American who would dare and do whenever National interests required. The President, the Cabinet, and Congress, fearful that war with both England and Spain was certain to eventuate, debated long and earnestly the best way out of what seemed to them an exceedingly bad business. Throughout the summer Cabinet meetings were held almost daily, and in these Jackson's sole defender was the Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams. All save Adams were for disavowing his conduct *in toto* and making suitable reparation; but Adams, with an inflexibility that would have done credit to Jackson himself, insisted that the necessities of the case amply justified Jackson's proceedings, and that, in the last analysis, the responsibility lay not at his door but at the door of the Spanish commanding officers in Florida. In the end, but only after a prolonged struggle, Adams won his point; and the United States made known to the world its intention of standing by the fiery warrior from Tennessee, whatever the consequences.



THE OLD CITY GATE OF ST. AUGUSTINE

The consequences were the tacit approval by England of his execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, and the cession of Florida by Spain. To the latter result Adams again contributed powerfully, and most of all by a letter he wrote in November, 1818, ostensibly addressed to the American Minister at Madrid, but in reality being in the nature of an ultimatum to the Spanish Government. Seldom indeed has an American statesman penned a more noteworthy document. Reviewing in the fullest detail the long-standing grievances of the United States against Spain, the repeated breaches of neutrality, the outrages committed by Indians, fugitive slaves, and outlaws who found sanctuary in Spain's dominions, her toleration of the acts of aliens like Nicholls, Arbuthnot, and Ambrister, and her constant failure to fulfill treaty obligations, Adams declared bluntly: "Spain must immediately make her election either to place a force in Florida at once adequate for the protection of her territory and to the fulfillment of her engagements, or cede to the United States a province of which she retains nothing but the nominal possession, but which is, in fact, a derelict, open to the occupancy of every enemy, civilized or savage, of the United States, and serving no other earthly purpose than as a point of annoyance to them. . . . The duty of this government to protect the persons and property of our fellow-citizens on the borders of the United States is imperative—it *must* be discharged." There was no mistaking such language, and there was no denying the fact that so long as the United States held men like Andrew Jackson, Spain could not hope to keep to her old ways with impunity. Alive at last to the dangers of the situation, and well aware that it was impossible for her to maintain an efficient government in Florida, Spain announced her willingness to negotiate a treaty of cession, which was finally concluded and signed in Washington, February 22, 1819; its definite ratification, however, being delayed for various reasons until two years afterwards. July 10, 1821, the United States formally took possession, having already, fittingly enough, appointed as the first Governor of its new Territory the victorious Andrew Jackson.

It remains to be added that by the terms of the treaty the seed was sown for another harvest of trouble. In addition to the actual transfer of territory, the monetary consideration for which was $5,000,000 to be paid by the United States, not to Spain, but to American claimants having bills against Spain for damages dating back in some instances to the first Napoleonic war, the Florida treaty fixed for the first time the boundaries of the region acquired by the United States in the Louisiana Purchase. Here a distinct concession was made by the United States, which began negotiations with the claim that in the southwest Louisiana extended to the Rio Grande, but ended by accepting the Sabine as the boundary line in that direction. Thus, to the intense indignation of the Western settlers, whatever title the United States had to the fertile plains of Texas was specifically relinquished. On the other hand, Spain relinquished no less specifically her shadowy claim to the so-called Oregon country in the northeast—the vast expanse of territory bounded by the Rockies, the Pacific, California, and Russian America. Both relinquishments, as we shall see, were soon to prove disturbing elements in the political life and growth of the American Nation.

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO

BY COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

ALL things considered, Tolstoy is the foremost man of letters now living. He is much more than a writer in the professional sense; he is the leading man of his race; he is a social reformer; and he is an interpreter of religion. He has written a shelf-full of novels, short stories, sketches, social, religious, and art studies, chapters of biography, and tracts. He has taken all life as his field, and has discussed the Gospels, militarism, landholding, the relation of the sexes, education, patriotism, forms and limits of government, social organization, art, industry, wealth, poverty. Over forty pages of the British Museum Catalogue are filled with the list of publications and translations which bear his name. He is a personage of such world-wide significance that he is, in a way, more powerful than the government, and has secured freedom of speech for himself by sheer moral and intellectual ascendency. As uncompromisingly and impossibly individualistic as Ibsen, though in a radically different way, his name has become the watchword of a cult and the battle-cry of an unorganized body of disciples, to whom he has been a voice in the wilderness rather than a leader to a definite reconstruction of society.

The range of his interests and of his production makes it difficult to sketch his career even in profile, and impossible to characterize and estimate the lasting importance of his thought. What is impossible is also, fortunately, unnecessary; Tolstoy has been a prophet and a teacher who has stirred the consciences of men and opened their eyes to the realities of life; but, first and finally, he has been a man of letters, and as a writer he will be remembered when his other activities have been forgotten. He has been a far more widely known figure than Gogol, Dostoyevski, or Tourguéneff; but in the long perspective of time he will be classed and judged with them. The work of the four men of genius constitutes the most remarkable confession that a people has ever made.

Tolstoy, the youngest of the group, was born in 1828, and is nearing his eightieth birthday. The son of a nobleman, he received the education and for a number of years led the life of his class. After a childhood spent on his father's estates, he went to the University of Kazan, where he studied law and languages. He left the University without taking a degree; entered the army in 1851; served in the Caucasus and was in Sebastopol during the siege, which he has described with graphic power; left military service with the rank of division commander; devoted himself to literary work in St. Petersburg and to a close and searching study of social conditions; married in 1860 the daughter of a German physician, and retired to his estates, where he still lives. He has told the story of his inner life with a

TOLSTOY

frankness and simplicity possible only to a great nature. "I have lived in this world fifty-five years," he wrote later; "with the exception of the fourteen or fifteen years of childhood, I have lived thirty-five years a Nihilist in the true sense of the word—not a socialist or a revolutionist according to the perverted sense acquired by usage, but a true Nihilist—that is, subject to no faith or creed whatever." In "My Confession," "My Religion," "A Commentary on the Gospel," and other books he has told the story of his spiritual experience, his withdrawal from the world, his return to the soil and to self-support by work with his hands, his acceptance of the teachings of Christ in their literal sense, and of the doctrine of non-resistance as the central principle in practice and the supreme test of discipleship; his complete subordination of art to life. Of his sincerity there has never been a question; no one can study his worn face, with its intent and concentrated passion of earnestness, and recall how entirely he has made his life conform to his teaching, without feeling that Tolstoy is a great spirit as well as a great writer. The limitations of his view of life, which gains simplicity as much by what it omits as by what it unifies and explains, do not diminish the nobility of his sacrifice for the sake of the truth which is to him not a creed but a life.

It is in fiction that Tolstoy shows his full strength and reaches the limits of his art and power. He has been almost equally successful in the short and the long story form. In "Master and Man," "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," "The Horse's Story," "Where Love Is," to select a few representative tales, one feels the spell of a commanding personality which shrinks from no circumstance of life, from no type of character, from no form of experience; which is passionately sympathetic and relentlessly impartial; which neither spares nor judges, but sees with an artist's brain and dramatizes with an artist's deep and tender skill. In these stories there is a concentration as marked as that in Tourguéneff's tales, but secured by wholly different methods.

It is when he paints on a great canvas, however, that the epic quality of Tolstoy's imagination and the sustained energy of his creative impulse reveal themselves like mountain ranges which take the whole horizon for their own. "War and Peace" is less a novel than a vast panorama of Russian life during the Napoleonic invasion. It is as prodigious as Russia itself, and at times almost as devoid of unity and progression as the steppes. The narrative breaks a hundred times into tributary streams which bear the reader far from the main story. It bears as little resemblance to the conventional construction as some of Whitman's longer poems; but, like a few of those poems, it has a kind of elemental movement and brings half a continent into view. The thesis of the story is the very antithesis of most histories and novels: that the figures which shine in the forefront are splendidly decorated puppets of the vast, inchoate power of the peoples behind them; that these leaders who wear stars and give orders are borne onward or beaten down by forces which they cannot control; that both generals and armies are the creatures of an inscrutable fate. The hero of this wonderful prose epic is the Russian people rising in response to a mysterious instinct for sacrifice. And yet what superb descriptive passages, what convincing and masterly portraits, sustain and reward the interest of the reader as he floats through Russia on the bosom of a stream as great as the Volga and touching as many kinds of life!

In "Anna Karénina" the image of the Russia of to-day is caught as in a huge mirror, for the novel is several stories in one: a central story of illicit love, an idyllic and unaffectedly beautiful romance of young devotion and purity, and subsidiary incidents, figures, and characterizations of singular and searching fidelity, blended together in a narrative which has the breadth and dignity of history. Tolstoy writes with a frankness beyond the practice of English and American writers, and deals with an elemental passion with the directness of a prophet and in the spirit of a prophet. In its penetrating and convincing analysis this story is one of the original documents of the time, and one of the most fundamentally moral stories in literature. It was not written for children, but it is a powerful plea for purity. It is the story of an ardent, devoted, and pure woman who sins through a great affection; whose sin is circumstanced, so to speak, at the best; who has nothing in common with the frail and characterless victims of curiosity, discontent, or wayward impulse whose petty miseries have been recited in such monotonous chorus in minor fiction. "Anna Karénina" is the story of the fall of a great nature, the tragedy of a loving heart flinging itself against the moral order. It is this high plane on which the tragedy is worked out that gives it immense impressiveness; the majesty of the moral law and its inexorable working out have never been more impressively shown. The deed returns upon the doer with the relentless feet, not of the furies, but of the infinite compassion and inexorable righteousness. There is but one possible issue from the beginning when a great writer deals with such a motive, and Anna's death is inevitable by reason of the inherent nobility of her nature.

In these two long stories Tolstoy shows a closeness and breadth of observation, an insight into life, a force of imagination, a divination of sympathy, and a power of characterization which place him in the front rank of novelists and give him a right to claim rank among great writers. H. W. M.

IN a certain city dwelt Martin Avdyeeich, the cobbler. He lived in a cellar, a wretched little hole with a single window. The window looked up towards the street, and through it Martin could just see the passers-by. It is true that he could see little more than their boots, but Martin Avdyeeich could read a man's character by his boots, so he needed no more. Martin Avdyeeich had lived long in that one place, and had many acquaintances. Few indeed were the boots in that neighborhood which had not passed through his hands at some time or other. On some he would fasten new soles, to others he would give side-pieces, others again he would stitch all round, and even give them new uppers if need be. And often he saw his own handiwork through the window. There was always lots of work for him, for Avdyeeich's hand was cunning and his leather good; nor did he overcharge, and always kept his word. He always engaged to do a job by a fixed time if he could; but if he could not, he said so at once, and deceived no man. So every one knew Avdyeeich, and he had no lack of work. Avdyeeich had always been a pretty good man, but as he grew old he began to think more about his soul, and draw nearer to his God. While Martin was still a journeyman his wife had died; but his wife had left him a little boy—three years old. Their other children had not lived. All the eldest had died early. Martin wished at first to send his little child into the country to his sister, but afterwards he thought better of it. "My Kapitoshka," thought he, "will feel miserable in a strange household. He shall stay here with me." And so Avdyeeich left his master, and took to living in lodgings alone with his little son. But God did not give Avdyeeich happiness in his children. No sooner had the little one begun to grow up and be a help and a joy to his father's heart, than a sickness fell upon Kapitoshka, the little one took to his bed, lay there in a raging fever for a week, and then died. Martin buried his son in despair—so desperate was he that he began to murmur against God. Such disgust of life overcame him that he more than once begged God that he might die; and he reproached God for taking not him, an old man, but his darling, his only son, instead. And after that Avdyeeich left off going to church.

And, lo! one day there came to Avdyeeich from the Troitsa Monastery an aged peasant-pilgrim—it was already the eighth year of his pilgrimage. Avdyeeich fell a-talking with him, and began to complain of his great sorrow. "As for living any longer, thou man of God," said he, "I desire it not. Would only that I might die! That is my sole prayer to God. I am now a man who has no hope."

And the old man said to him: "Thy speech, Martin, is not good. How shall we judge the doings of God? God's judgments are not our thoughts. God willed that thy son shouldst die, but that thou shouldst live. Therefore 'twas the best thing both for him and for thee. It is because thou wouldst fain have lived for thy own delight that thou dost now despair."

"But what then *is* a man to live for?" asked Avdyeeich.

And the old man answered: "For God, Martin! He gave thee life, and for Him therefore must thou live. When thou dost begin to live for Him, thou wilt grieve about nothing more, and all things will come easy to thee."

Martin was silent for a moment, and then he said: "And how must one live for God?"

"Christ hath shown us the way. Thou knowest thy letters. Buy the Gospels and read; there thou wilt find out how to live for God. There everything is explained."

These words made the heart of Avdyeeich burn within him, and he went the same day and bought for himself a New Testament printed in very large type, and began to read.

Avdyeeich set out with the determination to read it only on holidays; but as he read, it did his heart so much good that he took to reading it every day. And the second time he read until all the kerosene in the lamp had burnt itself out, and for all that he could not tear himself away from the book. And so it was every evening. And the more he read, the more clearly he understood what God wanted of him, and how it behooved him to live for God; and his heart grew lighter and lighter continually. Formerly, whenever he lay down to sleep he would only sigh and groan, and think of nothing but Kapitoshka, but now he would only say to himself: "Glory to Thee! Glory to Thee, O Lord! Thy will be done!"

Henceforth the whole life of Avdyeeich was changed. Formerly, whenever he had a holiday, he would go to the tavern to drink tea, nor would he say no to a drop of brandy now and again. He would tipple with his comrades, and though not actually drunk, would, for all that, leave the inn a bit merry, babbling nonsense and talking loudly and censoriously. He had done with all that now. His life became quiet and joyful. With the morning light he sat down to his work, worked out his time, then took down his lamp from the hook, placed it on the table, took down his book from the shelf, bent over it, and sat him down to read. And the more he read the more he understood, and his heart grew brighter and happier.

It happened once that Martin was up reading till very late. He was reading St. Luke's Gospel. He was reading the sixth chapter, and as he read he came to the words: "And to him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other." This passage he read several times, and presently he came to that place where the Lord says: "And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to Me, and heareth My sayings, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man which built an house, and dug deep, and laid the foundations on a rock. And when the flood arose, the storm beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth, against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell, and the ruin of that house was great."

Avdyeeich read these words through and through, and his heart was glad. He took off his glasses, laid them on the book, rested his elbow on the table, and fell a-thinking. And he began to measure his own life by these words. And he thought to himself, "Is my house built on the rock or on the sand? How good to be as on a rock! How easy it all seems to thee sitting alone here! It seems as if thou wert doing God's will to the full, and so thou takest no heed and fallest away again. And yet thou wouldst go on striving, for so it is good for thee. O Lord, help me!" Thus thought he, and would have laid him down, but it was a grief to tear himself away from the book. And so he began reading the seventh chapter. He read all about the Centurion, he read all about the Widow's Son, he read all about the answer to the disciples of St. John; and so he came to that place where the rich Pharisee invites our Lord to be his guest. And he read all about how the woman who was a sinner anointed His feet and washed them with her tears, and how He justified her. And so he came at last to the forty-fourth verse, and there he read these words, "And He turned to the woman and said to Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she has washed My feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss, but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint." And again Avdyeeich took off his glasses, and laid them on the book, and fell a-thinking.

"So it is quite plain that I too have something of the Pharisee about me. Am I not always thinking of myself? Am I not always thinking of drinking tea, and keeping myself as warm and cozy as possible, without thinking at all about the guest? Simon thought about himself, but did not give the slightest thought to his guest. But who was his guest? The Lord Himself. And suppose He were to come to me, should I treat Him as the Pharisee did?"

And Avdyeeich leaned both his elbows on the table and, without perceiving it, fell a-dozing.

"Martin!"—it was as though the voice of some one close to his ear.

Martin started up from his nap. "Who's there?"

He turned round, he gazed at the door, but there was no one. Again he dozed off. Suddenly he heard quite plainly,

"Martin, Martin, I say! Look to-morrow into the street. I am coming."

Martin awoke, rose from his chair, and began to rub his eyes. And he did not know himself whether he had heard these words asleep or awake. He turned down the lamp and laid him down to rest.

At dawn next day Avdyeeich arose, prayed to God, lit his stove, got ready his gruel and cabbage soup, filled his samovar, put on his apron, and sat him down by his window to work. There Avdyeeich sits and works, and thinks of nothing but the things of yesternight. His thoughts were divided. He thought at one time that he must have gone off dozing, and then again he thought he really must have heard that voice. It might have been so, thought he.

Martin sits at the window and looks as much at his window as at his work, and whenever a strange pair of boots passes by he bends forward and looks out of the window, so as to see the face as well as the feet of the passers-by. The house porter passed by in new felt boots, the water-carrier passed by, and after that there passed close to the window an old soldier, one of Nicholas's veterans, in tattered old boots, with a shovel in his hands. Avdyeeich knew him by his boots. The old fellow was called Stepanuich, and lived with the neighboring shopkeeper, who harbored him of his charity. His duty was to help the porter. Stepanuich stopped before Avdyeeich's window to sweep away the snow. Avdyeeich cast a glance at him, and then went on working as before.

"I'm not growing sager as I grow

older," thought Avdyeeich, with some self-contempt. "I make up my mind that Christ is coming to me, and, lo! 'tis only Stepanuich clearing away the snow. Thou simpleton, thou! thou art wool-gathering!" Then Avdyeeich made ten more stitches, and then he stretched his head once more towards the window. He looked through the window again, and there he saw that Stepanuich had placed the shovel against the wall, and was warming himself and taking breath a bit.

"The old man is very much broken," thought Avdyeeich to himself. "It is quite plain that he has scarcely strength enough to scrape away the snow. Suppose I make him drink a little tea! the samovar, too, is just on the boil." Avdyeeich put down his awl, got up, placed the samovar on the table, put some tea in it, and tapped on the window with his fingers. Stepanuich turned round and came to the window. Avdyeeich beckoned to him, and then went and opened the door.

"Come in and warm yourself a bit," cried he. "You're a bit chilled, eh?"

"Christ requite you! Yes, and all my bones ache too," said Stepanuich. Stepanuich came in, shook off the snow, and began to wipe his feet so as not to soil the floor, but he tottered sadly.

"Don't trouble about wiping your feet. I'll rub it off myself. It's all in the day's work. Come in and sit down," said Avdyeeich. "Here, take a cup of tea."

And Avdyeeich filled two cups, and gave one to his guest, and he poured his own tea out into the saucer and began to blow it.

Stepanuich drank his cup, turned it upside down, put a gnawed crust on the top of it, and said, "Thank you." But it was quite plain that he wanted to be asked to have some more.

"Have a drop more. Do!" said Avdyeeich, and poured out fresh cups for his guest and himself, and as Avdyeeich drank his cup, he could not help glancing at the window from time to time.

"Dost thou expect any one?" asked his guest.

"Do I expect any one? Well, honestly, I hardly know. I am expecting and I am not expecting, and there's a word which has burnt itself right into my heart. Whether it was a vision or no, I know not. Look now, my brother! I was reading yesterday about our little Father[1] Christ, how He suffered, how He came on earth. Hast thou heard of Him, eh?"

"I have heard, I have heard," replied Stepanuich, "but we poor ignorant ones know not our letters."

"Anyhow, I was reading about this very thing—how He came down upon earth. I was reading how He went to the Pharisee, and how the Pharisee did not receive Him at all. Thus I thought, and so, about yesternight, little brother mine, I read that very thing, and bethought me how the Honorable did not receive our little Father Christ honorably. But suppose, I thought, if He came to one like me—would I receive Him? Simon at any rate did not receive Him at all. Thus I thought, and so thinking, fell asleep. I fell asleep, I say, little brother mine, and I heard my name called. I started up. A voice was whispering at my very ear. 'Look out to-morrow!' it said, 'I am coming.' And so it befell twice. Now look! wouldst thou believe it? the idea stuck to me—I scold myself for my folly, and yet I look for Him, our little Father Christ!"

Stepanuich shook his head and said nothing, but he drank his cup dry and put it aside. Then Avdyeeich took up the cup and filled it again.

"Drink some more. 'Twill do thee good. Now it seems to me that when our little Father went about on earth, He despised no one, but sought unto the simple folk most of all. He was always among the simple folk. Those disciples of His too, he chose most of them from amongst our brother-laborers, sinners like unto us. He that exalteth himself, He says, shall be abased, and he that abaseth himself shall be exalted. Ye, says He, call me Lord, and I, says He, wash your feet. He who would be the first among you, He says, let him become the servant of all. And therefore it is that He says, Blessed are the lowly, the peacemakers, the humble, and the long-suffering."

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[1] *Rus.* Batushka. No translation can adequately express the meaning of this caressing diminutive. The German *Papachen* is the nearest approach to it. All the Slavonic languages have its equivalent.

Stepanuich forgot his tea. He was an old man, soft-hearted, and tearful. He sat and listened, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Come, drink a little more," said Avdyeeich. But Stepanuich crossed himself, expressed his thanks, pushed away his cup, and got up.

"I thank thee, Martin Avdyeeich," said he. "I have fared well at thy hands, and thou hast refreshed me both in body and soul."

"Thou wilt show me a kindness by coming again. I am so glad to have a guest," said Avdyeeich. Stepanuich departed, and Martin poured out the last drop of tea, drank it, washed up, and again sat down by the window to work—he had some back-stitching to do. He stitched and stitched, and now and then cast glances at the window—he was looking for Christ, and could think of nothing but Him and His works. And the divers sayings of Christ were in his head all the time.

Two soldiers passed by, one in regimental boots, the other in boots of his own making; after that, the owner of the next house passed by in nicely brushed goloshes. A baker with a basket also passed by. All these passed by in turn, and then there came alongside the window a woman in worsted stockings and rustic shoes, and as she was passing by she stopped short in front of the partition wall. Avdyeeich looked up at her from his window, and he saw that the woman was a stranger and poorly clad, and that she had a little child with her. She was leaning up against the wall with her back to the wind, and tried to wrap the child up, but she had nothing to wrap it up with. The woman wore summer clothes, and thin enough they were. And from out of his corner Avdyeeich heard the child crying and the woman trying to comfort it, but she could not. Then Avdyeeich got up, went out of the door and on to the steps, and cried, "My good woman! my good woman!"

The woman heard him and turned round.

"Why dost thou stand out in the cold there with the child? Come inside! In the warm room thou wilt be better able to tend him. This way!"

The woman was amazed. What she saw was an old fellow in an apron and with glasses on his nose calling to her. She came towards him.

They went down the steps together—they went into the room. The old man led the woman to the bed. "There," said he, "sit down, gossip, nearer to the stove, and warm and feed thy little one. . . ."

He went to the table, got some bread and a dish, opened the oven door, put some cabbage soup into the dish, took out a pot of gruel, but it was not quite ready, so he put some cabbage soup only into the dish, and placed it on the table. Then he fetched bread, took down the cloth from the hook, and spread it on the table.

"Sit down and have something to eat, gossip," said he, "and I will sit down a little with the youngster. I have had children of my own, and know how to manage them."

The woman crossed herself, sat down at the table, and began to eat, and Avdyeeich sat down on the bed with the child. Avdyeeich smacked his lips at him again and again, but his lack of teeth made it a clumsy joke at best. And all the time the child never left off shrieking. Then Avdyeeich hit upon the idea of shaking his finger at him, so he snapped his fingers up and down, backwards and forwards, right in front of the child's mouth. He did not put his finger into its mouth, because his finger was black and sticky with cobbler's wax. And the child stared at the finger and was silent, and presently it began to laugh. And Avdyeeich was delighted. But the woman went on eating, and told him who she was and whence she came.

"I am a soldier's wife," she said: "my eight months' husband they drove right away from me, and nothing has been heard of him since. I took a cook's place till I became a mother. They could not keep me *and* the child. It is now three months since I have been drifting about without any fixed resting-place. I have eaten away my all. I wanted to be a wet-nurse, but people wouldn't have me: 'Thou art too thin,' they said. I have just been to the merchant's wife where our grandmother lives, and there they promised to take me in. I thought it was all right, but she told me to come again in a week. But she lives a long way off. I am chilled to death, and he is quite tired out. But, God be praised! our landlady has compassion on us, and gives us shelter for Christ's sake. But for that I don't know how we could live through it all."

Avdyeeich sighed, and said, "And have you no warm clothes?"

"Ah, kind friend! this is indeed warm-clothes time, but yesterday I pawned away my last shawl for two *grivenki*."[1]

The woman went to the bed and took up the child, but Avdyeeich stood up, went to the wall cupboard, rummaged about a bit, and then brought back with him an old jacket.

"Look!" said he, "'tis a shabby thing, 'tis true, but it will do to wrap up in."

The woman looked at the old jacket, then she gazed at the old man, and, taking the jacket, fell a-weeping. Avdyeeich also turned away, crept under the bed, drew out a trunk, and seemed to be very busy about it, whereupon he again sat down opposite the woman.

Then the woman said: "Christ requite thee, dear little father! It is plain that it was He who sent me by thy window. When I first came out it was warm, and now it has turned very cold. And He it was, little father, who made thee look out of the window and have compassion on wretched me."

Avdyeeich smiled slightly, and said: "Yes, He must have done it, for I looked not out of the window in vain, dear gossip!"

And Avdyeeich told his dream to the soldier's wife also, and how he had heard a voice promising that the Lord should come to him that day.

"All things are possible," said the woman. Then she rose up, put on the jacket, wrapped it round her little one, and then began to curtsy and thank Avdyeeich once more.

"Take this for Christ's sake," said Avdyeeich, giving her a two-grivenka piece, "and redeem your shawl." The woman crossed herself, Avdyeeich crossed himself, and then he led the woman to the door.

The woman went away. Avdyeeich ate up the remainder of the cabbage soup, washed up, and again sat down to work. He worked on and on, but he did not forget the window, and whenever the window was darkened he immediately looked up to see who was passing. Acquaintances passed, strangers passed, but there was no one in particular.

But now Avdyeeich sees how, right in front of his window, an old woman, a huckster, has taken her stand. She carries a basket of apples. Not many now remained; she had evidently sold them nearly all. Across her shoulder she carried a sack full of shavings. She must have picked them up near some new building, and was taking them home with her. It was plain that the sack was straining her shoulder. She wanted to shift it on to the other shoulder, so she rested the sack on the pavement, placed the apple-basket on a small post, and set about shaking down the shavings in the sack. Now while she was shaking down the sack, an urchin in a ragged cap suddenly turned up, goodness knows from whence, grabbed at one of the apples in the basket, and would have made off with it, but the wary old woman turned quickly round and gripped the youth by the sleeve. The lad fought and tried to tear himself loose, but the old woman seized him with both hands, knocked his hat off, and tugged hard at his hair. The lad howled, and the old woman reviled him. Avdyeeich did not stop to put away his awl, but pitched it on the floor, rushed into the courtyard, and in his haste stumbled on the steps and dropped his glasses. Avdyeeich ran out into the street. The old woman was tugging at the lad's hair and wanted to drag him off to the police, while the boy fought and kicked.

"I didn't take it," said he. "What are you whacking me for? Let me go!"

Avdyeeich came up and tried to part them. He seized the lad by the arm and said: "Let him go, little mother! Forgive him for Christ's sake!"

"I'll forgive him so that he sha'n't

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[1] A grivenka is the tenth part of a ruble—about 5 cts.

forget the taste of fresh birch-rods. I mean to take the rascal to the police station."

Avdyeeich began to entreat with the old woman.

"Let him go, little mother; he will not do so any more. Let him go for Christ's sake."

The old woman let him go. The lad would have bolted, but Avdyeeich held him fast.

"Beg the little mother's pardon," said he, "and don't do such things any more. I saw thee take them."

Then the lad began to cry and beg pardon.

"Well, that's all right! And now, there's an apple for thee." And Avdyeeich took one out of the basket and gave it to the boy. "I'll pay thee for it, little mother," he said to the old woman.

"Thou wilt ruin them that way, the blackguards," said the old woman. "If I had the rewarding of him, he should not be able to sit down for a week."

"Oh, little mother, little mother!" cried Avdyeeich, "that is our way of looking at things, but it is not God's way. If we ought to be whipped so for the sake of one apple, what do we deserve for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

And Avdyeeich told the old woman about the parable of the master who forgave his servant a very great debt, and how that servant immediately went out and caught his fellow-servant by the throat because he was his debtor. The old woman listened to the end, and the lad listened too.

"God bade us forgive," said Avdyeeich, "otherwise He will not forgive us. We must forgive every one, especially the thoughtless."

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

"That's all very well," she said, "but they are spoiled enough already."

"Then it is for us old people to teach them better," said Avdyeeich.

"So say I," replied the old woman. "I had seven of them at one time, and now I have but a single daughter left." And the old woman began telling him where and how she lived with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "I'm not what I was," she said, "but I work all I can. I am sorry for my grandchildren, and good children they are too. No one is so glad to see me as they are. Little Aksyutka will go to none but me. 'Grandma dear! darling grandma!'" and the old woman was melted to tears. "As for him," she added, pointing to the lad, "boys will be boys, I suppose. Well, God be with him!"

Now just as the old woman was about to hoist the sack on to her shoulder, the lad rushed forward and said:

"Give it here and I'll carry it for thee, granny! It is all in my way."

The old woman shook her head, but she did put the sack on the lad's shoulder.

And so they trudged down the street together side by side. And the old woman forgot to ask Avdyeeich for the money for the apple. Avdyeeich kept standing and looking after them, and heard how they talked to each other, as they went, about all sorts of things.

Avdyeeich followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight, then he turned homewards and found his glasses on the steps (they were not broken), picked up his awl, and sat down to work again. He worked away for a little while, but soon he was scarcely able to distinguish the stitches, and he saw the lamplighter going round to light the lamps. "I see it is time to light up," thought he, so he trimmed his little lamp, lighted it, and again sat down to work. He finished one boot completely, turned it round and inspected it. "Good!" he cried. He put away his tools, swept up the cuttings, removed the brushes and tips, put away the awl, took down the lamp, placed it on the table, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He wanted to find the passage where he had last evening placed a strip of morocco leather by way of a marker, but he lit upon another place. And just as Avdyeeich opened the Gospel, he recollected his dream of yesterday evening. And no sooner did he call it to mind than it seemed to him as if some persons were moving about and shuffling with their feet behind him. Avdyeeich glanced round and saw that somebody was indeed standing in the dark corner—yes, some one was really there, but who he could not exactly make out. Then a voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin! Martin! dost thou not know me?"

"Who art thou?" cried Avdyeeich.

"'Tis I," cried the voice, "lo, 'tis I!" And forth from the dark corner stepped Stepanuich. He smiled, and it was as though a little cloud were breaking, and he was gone.

"It is I!" cried the voice, and forth from the corner stepped a woman with a little child; and the woman smiled and the child laughed, and they also disappeared.

"And it is I!" cried the voice, and the old woman and the lad with the apple stepped forth, and both of them smiled, and they also disappeared.

And the heart of Avdyeeich was glad. He crossed himself, put on his glasses, and began to read the Gospels at the place where he had opened them. And at the top of the page he read these words: "And I was an hungered and thirsty, and ye gave Me to drink. I was a stranger, and ye took Me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And Avdyeeich understood that his dream had not deceived him, and that the Saviour had really come to him that day, and he had really received Him.

SAILOR SONG

BY MARY BALDWIN

Oh, sweet is the day when my ship sets forth
 Over the sunlit sea,
And far as the South is from the North,
 The world rolls out for me.

And sweet is the salt of the wind to my breath,
 As clover to the kine;
For glad as Life or deep as Death,
 The great Sea-Mother is mine.

Then, ho! for the day in the Unknown West,
 Blue be the skies or wild,
When the Mother calls with her sure behest,
 And leads to his rest her child.

A TURN OF THE WHEEL: A WORKINGMAN'S WEEK

BY A MECHANIC

MONDAY.—Up a little earlier than usual to get together the scattered pieces of the "harness," breakfast before daylight, a half-mile's walk, and ready for work at seven A.M. Extra greetings and fresh topics of conversation accumulated over Sunday are noticeable among the men throughout the day. Darkness falls before the whistle blows, then the tramp home, supper, a few minutes with the paper, and bed.

Tuesday.—Again breakfast by lamplight, the same tramp, the same "call to arms." No coffee this morning, so that it will taste good at noon. Yesterday's "cut" is discussed, the absence of some of the boys is noted, while the hours pass—some swiftly, some slowly—until darkness and the whistle. Utter weariness seems to have fallen upon this man; back, arms, legs, and head refuse to be decent. After supper nothing but the bed will do. For an hour he lies in stupor, then gets up, goes out into the night for a smoke, a walk around the block, and returns to his bed for the night.

Wednesday.—Again breakfast by lamplight, the same tramp, and the same call to arms. This is the third day of uninterrupted toil, and to-night he will go "downtown" and get shaved. Strange and true relaxation this thought brings him fifty times through the day. To-day it is rumored that the mill will shut down thirty minutes earlier, and that means a cut in the weekly wage. Oh, well, never mind! That was a good joke on Jake that the boys were passing around just now.

Thursday.—Again breakfast by lamplight, the same tramp, and the same whistle sounding. To-day that cut in time and wage flashes again and again through the mind of this man, and, moreover, the freight rates on "our" commodity are to be advanced, and the papers say that the employers must cut wages to do any profitable business. This man's income and outgo *must* be considered. If he be a little captain of industry, or even a mate, his vessel seems in bad waters. To-night, weary and almost dishonored, as it seems to him, for lack of more ability, he seeks rest upon his bed.

Friday.—The days grow shorter, and from daylight to darkness the hours are none too long if the daily wage be limited thereby. To-day the boys say that Bill is home with his sick baby and that we must pass a paper around and help John a bit because his rheumatism is no better and the company has already overpaid him a considerable sum. And Friday brings the thought that to-morrow is Saturday.

Saturday.—There is suppressed excitement all day. What with thought of "pay-day," the theater or a good hot bath, or both, the hours pass quickly. This man makes several futile attempts to cast up his accounts, but cannot remember just how he stands "on the books." He estimates that for rent and groceries and extras he needs about so much. To-night he asks for that amount. The employer says, "Don't you want more than that? You still have something coming." "More coming"—that's as good as a religious experience meeting, and Saturday is a good day, and Saturday night, with its jaunt downtown among "good things" and something "good" brought home, is a good night.

Sunday—is a leisurely day. This man bids hearty defiance to the alarm clock. Breakfast is late and the morning brings "odd jobs" to do—perhaps some wood must be cut or the gate fixed. Sometimes he goes to church, but oftener not. In the afternoon there is the paper, or a walk or a call upon friends, and in the evening there is the church service, which he attends, and

Monday.—Up a little earlier than usual to get together the scattered pieces of his harness.

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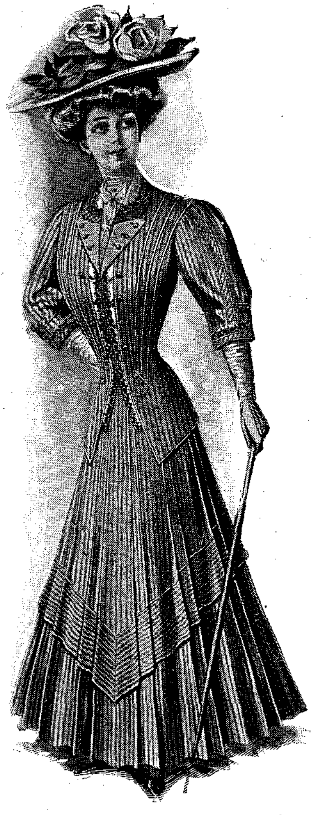

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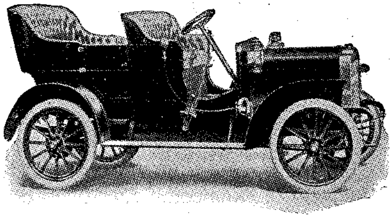

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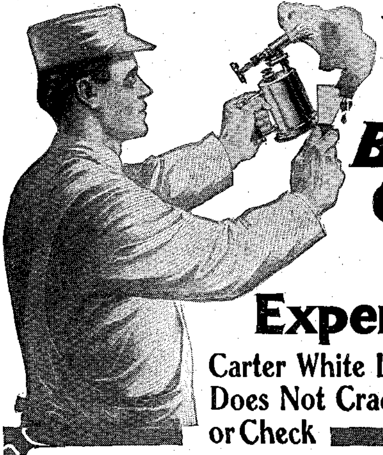

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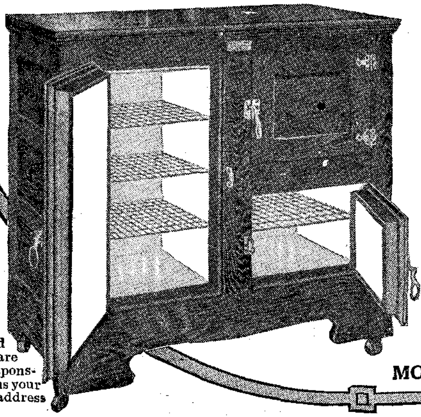

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